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## THE MIDLANDERS

BY CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

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CHAPTER VII—Continued.

The judge was plainly annoyed. "Your friend, Wiley Curran, seems a self-appointed watch-dog of county affairs."

"He and Mr. Tanner are always after each other. But that's why I said creek diversion will be a matter politics. There's bound to be a raised about it, dad."

The judge selected a cigar. The her nodded covertly to him. Harlan dear, you admit the creek ht to be diverted."

Why, yes. And it'll be a good for us, mother. It'll put all north tract on the market ged."

The judge's frown came again at has nothing to do with my boy. The natural bed of creek is down the old Pock- where those squatters' shanties The quarry gang beyond Lind- 's—" He paused, for he had not nded to advert to the name— strom, the discard he had sent to Aurelie's foster-father.

here was a silence. Harlan looked to see his father's eyes averted. He an idea the judge was suffering. mother shrugged. "My dear, the kt is no man's land—the river e it years ago, and it's the natural of the creek. Those people haven't gn of title!"

know," the son retorted. "Wiley me."

wish, my boy, you didn't get so ch of your knowledge of county irs through Mr. Curran!" The e watched him curiously. "Did see his scandalous editorial on the reme court's decision in the labor unction case?"

Yes. That labor organizer from ville, McBride—got Wiley excited ut it. It would smash the union ement, Wiley said."

he judge sighed. For the first time had seen a flash of Harlan's old rful eagerness—and it took Wiley an's insurgency to bring it. "This McBride, is organizing the soft miners on the upper creek—all foreigners that were brought e. And he denounced Congressman last Sunday at the Earlville n Verein meeting, I hear."

They're after Hall, father—hard. Jake Vance says that Wiley Cur- ught to run against him—he says governor's crowd will get behind one to beat Hall."

he judge laughed. "Wiley Curran ongress? Harlan, I saw him last down on his knees digging up alums for that funny old lady keeps house for him—they were ing cupfuls of earth at each r and shouting like children!"

Harlan smiled. "I suppose! But, dad, political move is getting big. Jake e says it's the young men's move- t. Look at the chaps like his boy, e, who's come back from the agri- ral school chuck-a-block with t he calls the Wisconsin idea. And how Governor Delroy won on it— the young men's governor."

The state," retorted the judge dry- "is in an uproar over nothing. n this Wisconsin senator got up peak at the last session the solid representative men simply would listen—he talked to their empty s. A demogogue, a disturber—and for Jake Vance, he has been the ty's original malcontent since ger days and Greenbackism."

he young man listened quietly. ther, his son is different. You t to see how earnest he is. A ent-farmer come back from Wis- n whooping it up for the initia- and recall, and direct elections, in his father's locality among the mossbacks—and showing 'em how raise better corn than they ever before! Pigs and politics—Arae s!"

smiled the judge, "am still for Constitution——and my boy, I'm you went to Harvard instead of western colleges. If you're going politics—" he grimaced, for poli- was distasteful to him, and yet lan had grown up with the con- sness that some day he should e politics. His mother's ancestry of inia had given it to him as the k he drew. It had been the one vance of her married life that the e had not cared for a more mili- public life. She had an old-fash- ideal for her boy's future—she not sure of it all, but it was to a career honoring the state, reach- up, perhaps, well—one could never how far such a son might go, one had the best of East and West m. Despite their tradition the Van rts felt the Midlands to be the heart soul of the republic, the seat of er and inspiration. Loyal to every of the Atlantic seaboard, they the mighty valley would home millions of the best Americans, would be the breed of the soil, determining economism, the build- and enduring individualism.

mother glanced brightly at him. course Harlan's going into poli- And he'll never have the struggle Billy Lee will have. Here, among own people—" she dreamed an in- nt, her eyes going out to the en- hills—"Harlan, dear—there's limit to what I see for you. Oh, want you to go on, boy—always on the best and highest!" She arose in eagerness and came to him, parted fair hair from his brow and ed him. "Dear boy, won't you k us a little bit—down in your —for saving you!"

was still. But his arm stole t her slender waist. Her smooth under the silvery hair, which a girlish trick of coming down re her ears, was against his own.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

# CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

## By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

### The New York Governorship

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WHEN I became governor, the conscience of the people was in no way or shape aroused, as it has since become roused. The people accepted and practiced in a matter-of-course way as quite proper things which they would not now tolerate. They had no definite and clearly outlined conception of what they wished in the way of reform. They on the whole tolerated, and indeed approved of, the machine; and there had been no development on any considerable scale of reformers with the vision to see what the needs of the people were, and the high purpose sanely to achieve what was necessary in order to meet these needs. I knew both the machine and the silk-stocking reformers fairly well, from many years' close association with them. The machine as such had no ideals at all, although many of the men composing it did have. On the other hand, the ideals of very many of the silk-stocking reformers did not relate to the questions of real and vital interest to our people; and, singularly enough, in international matters, these same silk-stockings were no more to be trusted than the average ignorant demagogue or shortsighted spoils politician. I felt that these men would be broken reeds to which to trust in any vital contest for betterment of social and industrial conditions.

**Appealing to the People.**

I had neither the training nor the capacity that would have enabled me to match Mr. Platt and his machine people on their own ground. Nor did I believe that the effort to build up a machine of my own under the then existing conditions would meet the needs of the situation so far as the people were concerned. I therefore made no effort to create a machine of my own, and consistently adopted the plan of going over the heads of the men holding public office and of the men in control of the organiaztion, and appealing directly to the people behind them. The machine, for instance, had a more or less strong control over the great bulk of the members of the state legislature; but in the last resort the people behind these legislators had a still greater control over them. I made up my mind that the only way I could beat the bosses whenever the need to do so arose (and unless there was such need I did not wish to try) was, not by attempting to manipulate the machinery, and not by trusting merely to the professional reformers, but by making my appeal as directly and as emphatically as I knew how to the mass of voters themselves, to the people, to the men who if waked up would be able to impose their will on their representatives. My success depended upon getting them to take such an active interest in affairs as to enable them to exercise control over their representatives.

There were a few of the senators and assemblymen whom I could reach by seeing them personally and putting before them my arguments; but most of them were too much under the control of the machine for me to shake them lose unless they knew that the people were actively behind me. In making my appeal to the people as a whole I was dealing with an entirely different constituency from that which, especially in the big cities, liked to think of itself as the "better element," the particular exponent of reform and good citizenship. I was dealing with shrewd, hard-headed, kindly men and women, chiefly concerned with the absorbing work of earning their own living and impatient of fads, who had grown to feel that the associations with the word "reformer" were not much better than the associations with the word "politician." I had to convince these men and women of my good faith, and, moreover, of my common sense and efficiency. They were most of them strong partisans, and an outrage had to be very real and very great to shake them even partially loose from their party affiliations. Moreover, they took little interest in any fight of mere personalities. They were not influenced in the least by the silk-stocking reform view of Mr. Platt. I knew that if they were persuaded that I was engaged in a mere faction fight against him, that it was a mere issue between his ambition and mine, they would at once become indifferent and my fight would be lost.

**The People Respond.**

But I felt that I could count on their support wherever I could show them that the fight was not made just for the sake of the row, that it was not made merely as a factional contest against Senator Platt and the organization, but was waged from a sense of duty, for real and tangible causes such as the promotion of governmental efficiency and honesty, and forcing powerful moneyed men to take the proper attitude toward the community at large. They stood by me when I insisted upon having the canal department, the insurance department, and the various departments of the state government run with efficiency and honesty; they stood by me when I insisted upon making wealthy men who owned franchises pay the state what they properly ought to pay; they stood by me when, in connection with the strikes on the Croton aqueduct and in Buffalo, I promptly used the military power of the state to put a stop to rioting and violence.

In the latter case my chief opponents and critics were local politicians who were truckling to the labor vote; but in all cases coming under the first two categories I had serious trouble with the state leaders of the machine. I always did my best, in good faith, to get Mr. Platt and the other heads of the machine to accept my views, and to convince them, by repeated private conversations, that I was right. I never wantonly antagonized or humiliated them. I did not wish to humiliate them or to seem victorious over them; what I wished was to secure the things that I thought it essential to the men and women of the state to secure. If I could finally persuade them to support me, well and good; in such case I continued to work with them in the friendliest manner.

**A Fair Fight in the Open.**

If after repeated and persistent effort I failed to get them to support me, then I made a fair fight in the open, and in a majority of cases I carried my point and succeeded in getting through the legislation which I wished. In theory the executive has nothing to do with legislation. In practice, as things now are, the executive is or ought to be peculiarly representative of the people as a whole. As often as not the action of the executive offers the only means by which the people can get the legislation they demand and ought to have. Therefore a good executive under the present conditions of American political life must take a very active interest in getting the right kind of legislation, in addition to performing his executive duties with an eye single to the public welfare. More than half of my work as governor was in the direction of getting needed and important legislation. I accomplished this only by arousing the people, and riveting their attention on what was done.

**A Change of Attitude.**

Gradually the people began to wake up more and more to the fact that the machine politicians were not giving them the kind of government which they wished. As this waking up grew more general, not merely in New York or any other one state, but throughout most of the nation, the power of the bosses waned. Then a curious thing happened. The professional reformers who had most loudly criticized these bosses began to change toward them. Newspaper editors, college presidents, corporation lawyers, and big business men, all alike, had denounced the bosses and had taken part in reform movements against them so long as these reforms dealt only with things that were superficial, or with fundamental things that did not affect themselves and their associates. But the majority of these men turned to the support of the bosses when the great new movement began clearly to make itself evident as one against privilege in business no less than against privilege in politics, as one for social and industrial no less than for political righteousness and fair dealing. The big corporation lawyer who had antagonized the boss in matters which he regarded as purely political stood shoulder to shoulder with the boss when the movement for betterment took shape in direct attack on the combination of business with politics and with the judiciary which has done so much to enthrone privilege in the economic world.

The reformers who denounced political corruption and fraud when shown at the expense of their own candidates by machine ward heelers of a low type hysterically applauded similar corrupt trickery when practiced by these same politicians against men with whose political and industrial program the reformers were not in sympathy. I had always been instinctively and by nature a democrat, but if I had needed conversion to the democratic ideal here in America the stimulus would not have been supplied by what I saw of the attitude, not merely of the bulk of the men who most prided themselves upon their education and culture, when we began in good faith to grapple with the wrong and injustice of our social and industrial system, and to hit at the men responsible for the wrong, no matter how high they stood in business or in politics, at the bar or on the bench. It was while I was governor, and especially in connection with the franchise tax legislation, that I first became thoroughly aware of the real causes of this attitude among the men of great wealth and among the men who took their tone from the men of great wealth.

**"Whoever We Choose."**

Very soon after my victory in the race for governor, I had one or two experiences with Senator Platt which showed in amusing fashion how absolute the rule of the boss was in the politics of that day. Senator Platt, who was always most kind and friendly in his personal relations with me, asked me in one day to talk over what was to be done at Albany. He had the two or three nominal heads of the organization with him. They were his lieutenants, who counseled and influenced him, whose advice he often followed, but who, when he had finally made up his mind, merely registered and carried out his decrees. After a little conversation the senator asked if I had any member of the assembly whom I wished to have put on any committees, explaining that the committees were being arranged. I answered no, and expressed my surprise at what he had said, because I had not understood that the speaker who appointed the committees had himself been agreed upon by the members-elect. "Oh!" responded the senator, with a tolerant smile, "he has not been chosen yet, but of course whoever we choose as speaker will agree beforehand to make the appointments we wish." I made a mental note to the effect that if they attempted the same process with the governor-elect they would find themselves mistaken.

**Appointments.**

In a few days the opportunity to prove this arrived. Under the preceding administration there had been grave scandals about the Erie canal, the trans-State canal, and these scandals had been one of the chief issues in the campaign for the governorship. The construction of this work was under the control of the superintendent of public works. In the actual state of affairs his office was by far the most important office under me, and I intended to appoint to it some man of high character and capacity who could be trusted to do the work not merely honestly and efficiently but without regard to politics. A week or so after the speakership incident Senator Platt asked me to come and see him (he was an old and physically feeble man, able to move about only with extreme difficulty.)

On arrival I found the lieutenant governor elect, Mr. Woodruff, who had also been asked to come. The senator informed me that he was glad to say that I would have a most admirable man as superintendent of public works, as he had just received a telegram from a certain gentleman, whom he named, saying that he would accept the position! He handed me the telegram. The man in question was a man I liked; later I appointed him to an important office in which he did well. But he came from a city along the line of the canal, so that I did not think it best that he should be appointed, anyhow; and, moreover, what was far more important, it was necessary to have it understood at the very outset that the Administration was my Administration and was no one else's but mine. So I told the senator very politely that I was sorry, but that I could not appoint his man. This produced an explosion, but I declined to lose my temper, merely repeating that I must decline to accept any man chosen for me, and that I must choose the man myself. Although I was very polite, I was also very firm, and Mr. Platt and his friends finally abandoned their position.

I appointed an engineer from Brooklyn, a veteran of the Civil War, Colonel Partridge, who had served in Mayor Low's administration. He was an excellent man in every way. He chose as his assistant, actively to superintend the work, a Cornell graduate named Elon Hooker, a man with no political backing at all, picked simply because he was the best-equipped man for the place. The office, the most important office under me, was run in admirable fashion throughout my administration; I doubt if there ever was an important department of the New York state government run with a higher standard of efficiency and integrity.

**The Canals.**

But this was not all that had to be done about the canals. Evidently the whole policy hitherto pursued had been foolish and inadequate. I appointed a first class non-partisan commission of business men and expert engineers who went into the matter exhaustively, and their report served as the basis upon which our entire present canal system is based. There remained the question of determining whether the canal officials who were in office before I became governor, and whom I had declined to reappoint, had been guilty of any action because of which it would be possible to proceed against them criminally or otherwise under the law. Such criminal action had been freely charged against them during the campaign by the Democratic (including the so-called mug-wump) press. To determine this matter I appointed two Democratic lawyers, Messrs. Fox and MacFarlane (the latter federal district attorney for New York under President Cleveland), and put the whole investigation in their hands. These gentlemen made an exhaustive investigation lasting several months. They reported that there had been grave delinquency in the prosecution of the work, delinquency which justified public condemnation of those responsible for it (who were out of office), but that there was no ground for criminal prosecution. I laid their report before the legislature with a message in which I said: "There is probably no lawyer of high standing in the state who, after studying the report of counsel in this case and the testimony taken by the investigating commission, would disagree with them as to the impracticability of successful prosecution. Under such circumstances the one remedy was a thorough change in the methods and management. This change has been made."

When my successor in the governorship took office, Colonel Partridge retired, and Elon Hooker, finding that he could no longer act with entire disregard of politics and with an eye single to the efficiency of the work, also left. A dozen years later—having in the meantime made a marked success in a business career—he became the treasurer of the National Progressive party.

**Bits of Trouble.**

My action in regard to the canals, and the management of his office, the most important office under me, by Colonel Partridge, established my relations with Mr. Platt from the outset on pretty nearly the right basis. But, besides various small difficulties, we had one or two serious bits of trouble before my duties as governor ceased. It must be remembered that Mr. Platt was to all intents and purposes a large part of, and sometimes a majority of, the legislature. There were a few entirely independent men such as Nathaniel Elsberg, Regis Post and Alford Cooley, in each of the two houses; the remainder were under the control of the Republican and Democratic bosses, but could also be more or less influenced by an aroused public opinion. The two machines were apt to make common cause if their vital interests were touched. It was my business to devise methods by which either the two machines could be kept apart or else overthrown if they came together.

My desire was to achieve results, and not merely to issue manifestoes of virtue. It is very easy to be efficient if the efficiency is based on unscrupulousness, and it is still easier to be virtuous if one is content with the purely negative virtue which consists in not doing anything wrong, but being wholly unable to accomplish anything positive for good. My favorite quotation from Josh Billings again applies: It is so much easier to be a harmless dove than a wise serpent. My duty was to combine both idealism and efficiency. At that time the public conscience was still dormant as regards many species of political and business misconduct, as to which during the next decade it became sensitive. I had to work with the tools at hand and to take into account the feeling of the people, which I have already described. My aim was persistently to refuse to be put in a position where what I did would seem to be a mere faction struggle against Senator Platt. My aim was to make a fight only when I could so manage it that there could be no question in the minds of honest men that my prime purpose was not to attack Mr. Platt or anyone else except as a necessary incident to securing clean and efficient government.

**"Breakfasting With Platt."**

In each case I did my best to persuade Mr. Platt not to oppose me. I endeavored to make it clear to him that I was not trying to wrest the organization from him; and I always gave him in detail the reasons why I felt I had to take the position I intended to adopt. It was only after I had exhausted all the resources of my patience that I would finally, if he still proved obstinate, tell him that I intended to make the fight anyhow. As I have said, the Senator was an old and feeble man in physique, and it was possible for him to go about very little. Until Friday evening he would be kept at his duties at Washington, while I was in Albany. If I wished to see him it generally had to be at his hotel in New York on Saturday, and usually I would go there to breakfast with him. The one thing I would not permit was anything in the nature of a secret or clandestine meeting. I always insisted on going openly. Solemn reformers of the tom-fool variety, who, according to their custom, paid attention to the name and not the thing, were much exercised over my "breakfasing with Platt." Whenever I breakfasted with him they became sure that the fact carried with it some sinister significance. The worthy creatures never took the trouble to follow the sequence of facts and events for themselves. If they had done so they would have seen that any series of breakfasts with Platt always meant that I was going to do something he did not like, and that I was trying, courteously and frankly, to reconcile him to it. My object was to make it as easy as possible for him to come with me. As long as there was no clash between us there was no object in my seeing him; it was only when the clash came or was imminent that I had to see him. A series of breakfasts was always the prelude to some active warfare. In every instance I substantially carried my point, although in some cases not in exactly the way in which I had originally hoped.

**Gains Made.**

There were various measures to which he gave a grudging and querulous assent without any break being threatened. I secured the re-enactment of the civil service law, which, under my predecessor had very foolishly been repealed. I secured a mass of labor legislation, including the enactment of laws to increase the number of factory inspectors, to create a tenement house commission (whose findings resulted in further and excellent legislation to improve the housing conditions), to regulate and improve sweat-shop labor, to make the eight-hour and prevailing rate of wages law effective, to secure the genuine enforcement of the act relating to the hours of railway workers, to compel railways to equip freight trains with air brakes, to regulate the working hours of women and protect both women and children from dangerous machinery, to enforce good scaffolding provisions for workmen on buildings, to provide seats for the use of waitresses in hotels and restaurants, to reduce the hours of labor for drug store clerks, to provide for the registration of laborers for municipal employment. I tried hard but failed, to secure an employers' liability law and the state control of employment offices. There was hard fighting over some of these bills, and, what was much more serious, there was effort to get round the law by trickery and by securing its inefficient enforcement. I was continually helped by men with whom I had gotten in touch while in the police department; men such as James Bronson Reynolds, through whom I first became interested in settlement work on the East Side. Once or twice I went suddenly down to New York City without warning any one and traversed the tenement house quarters, visiting various sweat-shops picked at random. Jacob Riis accompanied me; and as a result of our inspection we got not only an improvement in the law but a still more marked improvement in its administration. Thanke chiefly to the activity and good sense of Dr. John H. Pryor, of Buffalo, and by the use of every pound of pressure which as governor I could bring to bear in legitimate fashion—including a special emergency message—we succeeded in getting through a bill providing for the first state hospital for incipient tuberculosis. We got valuable laws for the farmer; laws preventing the adulteration of food products (which laws were equally valuable to the consumer), and laws helping the dairyman. In addition to labor legislation I was able to do a good deal for forest preservation and the protection of our wild life. All that later I strove for in the nation in connection with conservation was foreshadowed by what I strove to obtain for New York state when I was governor; and I was already working in connection with Gifford Pinchot and Newell.

## Political Leaders When Roosevelt Was Governor

BENJAMIN ODELL. RICHARD CROKER.

## Farmer Not Blamed for Cost of Living

H. R. Starkweather, a former Ohio man, now of Coleman, Texas, has the following interesting communication in the Dallas News:

In your issue of the 25th appears an editorial concerning "the high cost of living," and stating that the packers, at their recent convention, put all the blame for the high cost of meat on the farmer. In my opinion nothing could be further from the truth, though the packer, and most of the writers on the subject, seem to have it in for the stockman and farmer.

The farmer is no more responsible for the high cost of meat than is the merchant, mechanic or doctor. The cause, and the only real cause of the high cost of meat and farm products, is just this: Twenty years ago farmers sold cotton from 4c to 6c a pound, wool from 7c to 10c a pound, wheat from 40c to 60c a bushel, corn from 15c to 20c per bushel, hogs, live weight, from 3c to 4c per pound, sheep from 2c to 3c, beef cattle from 2c to 3½c.

These farmers and stockmen who raised this food product and had to sell it for less than cost, naturally got poorer each year. It is true that there was some talk of overproduction, and the farmers were blamed for raising so much that they created Coxey's army; still there was no hue and cry about the low cost of living. I do not remember that congress and all kinds of societies were importuned to raise the price of food products, so that the farmer and stockman could make a living and keep up the business, though as soon as prices got high, it seems that every one from the President down has been implored to do something to reduce the high cost of food products.

**Result of Low Prices.**

The result of the extreme low prices of food products for a number of years is what is now called the high cost of living. The sheepmen either shipped their sheep to market as fast as possible to stop further loss, and pay debts, taking what they could get for them, in many instances not getting enough to pay freight, or held them till their creditors did the shipping for them. Cowmen shared the same fate, and as the grown stock did not pay all the debts, they began shipping calves, and in large numbers, without regard to sex, as they, too, would pay debts. Now they call the farmer a criminal for selling calves for slaughter, instead of keeping them till grown, even if at a loss, so that some one else might get cheaper meat.

While these low prices were on the railroads got their regular rate for freight, the doctors got their regular fees and the bankers got their regular dividends, for money was tight with the farmer when everything he had to sell was low. In fact, every one but the farmer and stockman had something at the end of the year to show for their labor and investment. The farmer and stockman were going from bad to worse. Debts and mortgages were all they were able to accumulate.

While these conditions existed, now and again some reformer would bob up and say: "Intensify farming; make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before; diversify and economize; this would bring relief to the farmer and stockman." As they already had one blade of grass for which they could not get cost of production, two blades would make them that much worse off, and to diversify under existing conditions would only mean to diversify losses. They already had economy down as near starvation as it was safe to go, and there was no help for them till living prices could be had. Still there was no cry going up to help the poor farmer.

**Boys Lose Heart.**

The boy on the farm who worked early and late and only got a hard living and very few clothes did not see anything very attractive in it, or any inducement to stick to the farm, as so many reformers urged him to do. The boy saw his father work hard and live hard all the year and not have money enough in the fall to pay the taxes, and if the boy had ambition enough to be of any use on the farm the first thing he did was to quit the farm as soon as he could. In the city he could get a job of some kind that would pay living wages, and anything would be better than the farm, so the majority of the most ambitious ones left the farm for the city.

The father, left alone, did not have money to hire help, and no courage or desire to do so, just letting the farm drag along, not producing more than half its capacity. The stock was sold to pay debts, and besides, as stock did not pay the cost of production, why should he raise it? After a lapse of some years, the stock being reduced all the time and the population all the time increasing, live stock and food products began to come in demand and prices began to go up. As live stock did not come to market fast enough, prices began to soar, and then the people were horrified at the high cost of living. One cheerful idiot writing for a paper said that "surely something should be done to the wicked farmer who did not raise each year one ox, and surely a law should be passed making it a felony for a farmer to sell a calf for slaughter."

**Result of Natural Conditions.**

All this hysteria about the high cost of living is time thrown away. It is a result of natural conditions—nothing more or less. The packer is human, and, like the rest of the people, will generally take all the traffic will bear; but it must be remembered that he is now paying the farmer more than twice as much for live stock than when everyone was getting cheap meat. The farmer is getting a share of the high prices the packer is now paying, and certainly deserves it. He can't get too much to make up for the long years he worked for nothing and boarded himself.

The prices of food products are now high enough to make a premium, instead of a penalty, for producing them, regulate prices. But it will take some years to replenish the live stock to the extent that the consumer will notice it. Extreme low prices put the stockman and farmer out of business; they either went broke, or dragged along with debts hanging over them with no hope in sight for years. Now that the other man is getting just a little of what the farmer had for years, a howl goes up all over the country, and it is forcibly shown that the farmer is not the only one to complain.

It used to be a standard joke about the farmer always complaining; now it is quite another thing when someone else goes hungry. Natural causes produced the high cost of living, and the same causes will in time remedy it.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

Kent looked askance at Mrs. Blair. She was very white, and her sensitive lips quivered a little, but she contrived, with an effort of courage which he marked with a flashing access of admiration, to smile reassuringly.

"Don't fear for me," she said. "We Dorrances are of firm fiber."

"So I see," he said warmly. He folded and pocketed the letter.

"Had you ever been to this place before?" Kent asked of Jax.

"No."

"Then how did you expect to find it?"

"She sent me a map. I lost it—that night."

"What about the ship?"

"I wish you'd tell me. There wasn't any ship that I could see."

"And the reference to all being as it was before?"

"You've got me again, there. In most every letter there was something about things I didn't understand. She seemed to think we used to know each other. Maybe we did. Hundreds of 'em come to me. I can't remember 'em all. Sometimes she called me Hermann. My name ain't Hermann. Right up to the time I saw her on the Heights I was afraid she was taking me for somebody else and that the whole game would be queered as soon as we came face to face."

"It seems quite probable," said Kent with a faint smile, "that you were taken for some one else. Your personal appearance would hardly betray the error, however."

"Well, if I was taken for another man," said the puzzled astrologist, "why didn't she say so when she saw me?"

"What did she say when she saw you?"

"Why, she seemed just as tickled to set eyes on me as if I were here Hermann twice over."

"Exactly," replied Kent with satisfaction.

"Well, how do you account for that?"

Passing over the query, the other proceeded: "Now as I understand it, you put yourself in my hands unreservedly."

"What else can I do?" cried Preston Jax.

"Nothing that would be so wise. So do not try. I shall want you to come to Martindale Center on call. Pack up and be ready."

"But the police!" quavered Jax. "You said the place was guarded, and I'd be pinched if I tried to get out."

"Oh, no," retorted Kent, with a smile. "That wouldn't have been true, and I never lie. You inferred that, and wrongly, from my little ruse to keep you from running away. That you would be arrested eventually, if you attempted escape was true. It still is true."

"I believe it," replied Preston Jax fervently, "with you on my trail."

"Come, Mrs. Blair," said Kent. "Remember, Jax; fair play, and we shall pull you through yet."

In the taxi, Marjorie Blair turned to Kent. "You are a very wonderful person," she said—Kent shook his head—"and, I think, a very kind one." Kent shook his head again. "Be kind to me and leave me to go home alone."

Kent stopped the cab, stepped out and raised his hat. She leaned toward him.

"Just a moment," she said. "Perhaps I ought not to ask; but it is too strong for me. Will you tell me who the woman was?"

Kent fell back a step, his eyes widening.

"You don't see it yet?" he asked.

"Not a glimmer of light. Unless she was some—some unacknowledged member of the family."

"No. Not that."

"And you can't tell me who she was?"

"Yes; but not just now. Try to be patient for a little, Mrs. Blair."

"Very well. Your judgment is best, doubtless. Of course you know whose hand wrote the body of that letter?"

"Yes; try not to think of it," advised Kent. "It isn't nearly so ugly as it seems."

She looked at him with her straight, fearless, wistful glance.

"He had left me nothing to love," she said sadly; "but to find disgrace and shame even to the end of his life! That is hard. That it should have been my husband who gave the thing most precious to me to another woman!! But why did he write the letter to Preston Jax for her to sign?"

Chester Kent shook his head.

CHAPTER XIX.

**The Strange Tryst.**

Midnight found Kent in the throes of literary effort. He was striving to compose a letter to Sedgwick that should, in turn, compose the recipient's perturbed feelings. It concluded, with some acerbity:

"You've made a pretty complete idiot of yourself once. Dont' try to eclipse your own record."

By which he purposed to convey to the artist the fact that his presence in Boston was neither desired nor advisable. As he was about to affix his signature, a knock brought him to the door of the hotel room.

"Letter for you," announced the messenger boy.

Kent signed the book and received a broad thin envelope sealed in a golden hued wax, with the impress of a star, and addressed in typewriting to his own name.

Confound all fools who sign their letters on the outside!" said Kent, scowling at the seal. "What has that planetary lunatic got to say that won't keep?"

What Preston Jax had to say was, first, in the form of a very brief note; secondly, in the shape of a formidable-looking document. The note began, "Esteemed sir," concluded "Yours remorsefully," and set forth, in some-

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

## Abe Martin

When a woman says she don't wish t' mention any names it haint necessary.

# The Secret of Lonesome Cove

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

what exotic language, that the writer, fearing a lapse of courage that might confuse his narrative when he should come to give it, had "taken pen in hand" to commit it to writing, and would the recipient "kindly pardon haste?" Therewith, 21 typed pages.

"Haste!" cried Chester Kent grievously. "Why, he's written me the story of his life!"

Indeed, at a cursory glance, it appeared so. The initial paragraph opened, "I was born of poor but honest parents." Chester Kent groaned. A little farther down the page the phrase, "Oh, that those innocent days of my happy childhood might return," rose and smote him in the eyes. Chester Kent snorted. A desperate leap landed him in the midst of page five, where he encountered this gem, "With these fateful words the kind old minister laid a faltering hand upon my head. But enough!"

"Quite enough!" agreed Chester Kent, and kicked the Star-master's document into a corner.

It fell in a crumpled heap with one sheet, curving in upward protuberance, conspicuous to the eye. On this sheet there was handwriting, and the handwriting was the same as that of the note Marjorie Blair had identified. Kent retrieved the paper, laid it on his desk, selected a likely spot for one more plunge, and dived into the turbid flood of words. And behold! as he turned, so to speak, the corner of the narrative, the current became suddenly clear. The muddled eloquence fell away; and the style crystallized into the tense quick testimony of the prime actor in a drama, intensely and shudderingly felt.

The reader ran through it with increasing absorption. Then, pencil in hand, he attacked the first part of the precious screed and emerged from a scene of literary carnage with one brief paragraph in hand and the slaughtered bodies of many eloquent pages strewing the floor. That one paragraph stated that Preston Jax, whose real name was John Preston, had, after a rebellious boyhood, ran away to sea, lived two years before the mast, picked up a smattering of education, been assistant and capper for a magnetic healer, and had finally formulated a system of astrological prophecy that won him a slow but increasing renown. The gist of the system was to assign some particular and often imaginary star to every subject, and, by a natural aptitude for worming out secrets from the credulous, lead them along the celestial paths of mysticism to a point where he could reach their pocketbooks. He had been specially successful with women. One bit of his philosophy Kent had preserved unaltered.

"They bite slower than men; but when they do take hold ,they swallow the hook so deep that you're lucky to get it back at all."

An hour's work with a pencil that should have been blue resolved the document, under Kent's skilful and remorseless editorship, into its salient elements. Obviously it was impossible to put it into alien hands for copying. Kent ordered up a typewriter and copied it himself. The duplicate he enclosed in his letter to Sedgwick. The original he put aside to sleep upon. Thus it ran:

"This Astraea affair looked good from the first," so began Preston Jax's confession, as beheaded and stripped down by its editor. "It looked like one of the best. You could smell money in it with half a nose. She bit first on one of the occult ads—the number four of the old series, a double-column with display in heavy-faced italics and leaded out strong. That ad always was a good woman-fetcher. Her first letter came on a Monday, I recollect. It was a big mail. There were a lot of Curiositys and a couple of Suspiciouses, and this was one of half a dozen in the True Believers' pile. Irene, my assistant, had put the red pencil on it, when she sorted out the mail, to show it was something special. But don't get her into this, Professor Kent. If you do, it's all off, jewels and all. Irene has always been for the straight star business and forecast game, and no extras or side lines. Besides, we were married last week.

"What attracted Irene's red pencil, and caught me right away, was the style of the thing. The handwriting was classy. The paper was elegant. There was something rich about it all. This was no Biddy, pinching out the missis' stationery to make a play with. She quoted poetry, swell poetry. First off she signed herself 'An Adept.' I gave her the Personal, No. 3, and followed it up with the Special Friendly, No. 5. Irene never liked that No. 5. She says it's spoony. Just the same, it fetches them. But not this one. She began to get personal and warm-hearted, all right, and answered up with the kindred-soul racket. But come to Boston? Not a move! Said she couldn't. There were reasons. It looked like the old game—flitter-headed wife and jealous husband Nothing in that game, unless you go in for the straight holdup. And blackmail was always too strong for my taste. So I did the natural thing; gave her special readings and doubled on the price. She paid like a lamb.

"Then, blame if it didn't slip out she wasn't married at all! I lost that letter. It was kind of endearing. Irene put up a howl. It was getting too personal for her taste. I told her I would cut it out. Then I gave my swell lady another address and wrote her for a picture. Nothing doing. But she began to hint around at a meeting. One day a letter came with a hundred-dollar bill in it. Loose, too, just like you or me might send a two-cent stamp. 'For expenses,' she wrote, and I was to come at once. Our souls had returned to recognize and join each other, she said. Here is the only part of the letter I could dig up from the waste basket:

Here the specimen of handwriting that had caught Kent's eye was pasted upon the document.

"'You have pointed out to me that our stars, swinging in mighty circles, are rushing on to a joint climax. Together we may force open the doors to the past, and sway the world as we sought to do in bygone days.'

"'And so on and cetera," continued the narrative. "Well, of course, she was nutty, that is, about the star business. But that don't prove anything. The dippiest star-chaser I ever worked was the head of a department in one of the big stores, and the fiercest little business women in business hours, you ever knew. It's the romantic in the sex that sets them skidding when it comes to stars, and such like. And Astraea was not a patch on some of them that has been paying me good sane money for years. That was the letter she first called me Hermann in and signed Astraea to. Said there was no use pretending to conceal her identity any longer from me. Seemed to think I knew all about it. That jarred me some. And, with the change of writing in the signature, it all looked pretty queer. You remmber the last letter with the copperplate-writing name at the bottom? Well, they all came that way after this; the body of the letter very bold and careless; signature written in an entirely different hand. I took it to Chorio, the character-reader, and he said so, too. What's more, he advised me to quit the game. Said there was trouble back of that handwriting. Those character fellows ain't such fools, either!

"But hundred-dollar bills loose in letters mean a big stake. I wrote her I would come, and I signed it 'Hermann,' just to play up to her lead. Irene got on and threw a fit. She said her woman's intuition told her there was danger in it. Truth is, she was stuck on me herself, and I was on her; but we did not find it out until after the crash. So I was all for prying Astraea loose from her money, if I had to marry her to do it. She wrote some slush about the one desperate plunge together and then the glory that was to be ours. That looked like marriage to me.

"You saw the last letter. It had me rattled, but not rattled enough to quit. There was a map in it of the place for the meeting. That was plain enough. But the 'our' and 'we' business in it bothered me. It looked a bit like a third person. I had not heard anything about any third person. What is more, I did not have any use for a third person in this business. The stars forbade it. I wrote and told her so, and said if there was any outsider rung in, the stellar courses would have a sudden change of heart. Then I put my best robe in a bag and bought a ticket for Carr's Junction. You can believe that while I was going through the woods I was keeping a bright eye out for any third party. Well, he was not there; not when I arrived, anyway. Where he was all the time, I do not know. I never saw him. But I heard him later. I can hear him yet at night. God help me!

"She was leaning against a little tree at the edge of the thicket when I first saw her. There was plenty of light from the moon and it sifted down through the trees and fell across her head and neck. As neat a bit of stage-setting for my business as I could have fixed up myself; and I am some hand at that. You have seen my place, and you know. I noticed a queer circlet around her neck. The stones were like soft pink fires. I had not ever seen anything like them before and I stood there trying to figure whether they were rubies and how much they might be worth. While I was wondering about it, she half turned and I got my first good look at her face.

"She was younger than I had reckoned on, and not bad to look at, but queer, queer!! Something about her struck me all wrong; gave me a sort of ugly shiver. Another thing struck me all right, though. That was that she had jewels on pretty much all her fingers. In one of my letters to her I gave her a hint about that; told her that gems gave the stars a stronger hold on the wearer, and she had taken it all in. She certainly was an easy subject.

"A bundle done up in paper was on the ground near her. I ducked back, very still, and got into my robe. The arrangement in her letter was for me to whistle when I got there. I whistled. She straightened up.

"'Come,' she said. 'I am waiting!'

"Her voice was rather deep and soft. But it wasn't a pleasant softness. Some way I did not like it any better than I liked her looks. It was too late to back out, though. I stepped out into the open and gave her the grand bow.

"'The Master of the Stars, at your command,' I said.

"'You are not as I expected to see you,' she said.

"That was a sticker. It might mean most anything. I took a chance.

"'Oh, well,' I said, 'we all change.'

"It went. 'We change as life changes,' she said. 'They never found you, did they?'

"From the way she said it I saw she expected me to say 'No., So I said 'No.'

"'That was left for me to return and do,' she went on with a kind of queer joy that gave me the shivers again.

"'Yes,' I agreed, wishing I knew what she was driving at, but sticking to my text. 'And here we are.'

"'Together,' says she. 'Isn't it wonderful! After all these years. The instant I saw your statement in the newspaper I knew it was your soul calling to mine across the ages.'

"You know, Professor Kent, I thought that was so good I made a note of it for future business use. While I was saying it over to myself she gave me a jar:

"'Our boat is at the shore,' she said.

"In that last letter she mentioned a ship. And, now, here was this boat business. (Afterwards I looked for a sign of either, but could not find any. I though perhaps it would explain the other part of the 'we' and 'our.') If I was going to elope by sea I wanted to know it, and I said as much.

"'Are you steadfast?' she asked.

"Well, there was only one answer to that. I said I was. She opened her package and took out a coil of rope. It was this gray-white rope, sort of clothesline, and it looked strong.

"'What now? I asked her.

"'To bind us together,' she said. 'Close, close together, and then the plunge! This time there shall be no failure. They shall not find one of us without the other. You are not afraid?'

"Afraid! My neck was bristling. The woman was proposing, as near as I could make out, that we go out in a boat, tie ourselves together, and jump overboard. She seemed to think it was an encore to some previous performance.

"'Go slow,' I said, thinking mighty hard. 'I don't quite see the point of this.'

"'All, all is as it is foreordained in the stars; the curve of the astral courses, the illimitable, unchangeable curve that has made us what we are, and shall draw us on and on to our mighty destination. You, you have pointed out the way.'

"That is what she gave me, waving her arms in the air.

"Didn't I curse myself for not remembering what I had written her? No clue, except that the poor soul was plumb dippy—too dippy for me to marry at any price. It wouldn't have held in the courts. Yet, there might have been $5,000 of diamonds on her. It was a tight place. I wanted to duck the whole thing; but the rings held me. I have always been dotty about diamonds. I suppose she felt me weakening. Women are queer, that way.

"'You dare to break our pact?' she says in a voice like a woman on the stage. Then she changed and spoke very gently. 'You are looking at these gewgaws,' she said, and took a diamond circlet from her finger. 'What do these count for?' And she put it in my hand. Another ring dropped at my feet. Mnd, she was giving them to me. I do not know if it would hold in law, she being a lunatic; but I was going to take all I could, on the chance, and watch for a getaway. The diamonds had me hypnotized.

"'These are as nothing compared to what we shall have,' she went on, 'after the plunge. Wait!'

"She had dropped the rope, and now she went into her paper parcel again, kneeling at my side.

I had stooped to look for the fallen ring, when I felt her hand slide up my wrist, and then a quick little snap of something cold and close. A bracelet, I thought. And it was a bracelet!

"'Forever! Together!' she said, and stood up beside me, chained to me by the handcuffs she had slipped on my right wrist and her left. Never you think your nerve is sound till you have felt something like that. I thought mine was—and I squalled aloud like a child at a ghost.

"'Hush!' she said, and her free arm pressed across my mouth.

"'How much to let me off?' I asked as soon as I could get my breath. You see, it flashed on me that it was a trap. You can never tell, in our line, when the detectives may be after you, or what kind of a game they'll put up. I looked around for the rest of the bunch to come and jump me, but I didn't see a thing. Her next words put me on.

"'The stars! The stars!' she whispered. 'See ours, how they light our pathway across the sea. The sea that awaits us!'

"More breath came back to me. It wasn't a trap, then. She was only a crazy woman, that I had to get rid of. I looked down at the handcuff. It was of iron, and had dull rusted edges. A hammer would have made short work of it; but I did not have any hammer. I did not even have a stone. There would be stones in the broken land beyond the thicket. I thought I saw a way.

"'Yes. Let's go,' I said.

"We set out. At the edge of the thicket was a flattish rock with small stones near it. Here I pretended to slip. I fell with my right wrist across a rock, and caught up a cobblestone with my left hand. At the first crack of the stone on the handcuff I could feel the old iron weaken. I got no chance for a second blow. Her hands were at my throat. They bit in. Then I knew it was a fight for my life.

"She was light; but she was strong like a panther. If her dress bound her, I was as bad off in my robe. At the first grip I was forced back into a bush, and sprawled there, in a tangle of branches and flying cloth. Somehow, I twisted her fingers from my throat. We struggled out into the moonlight again. I got a fair look at her face, and I guess I went mad myself, with the terror of it. The next thing I remember clearly she was quiet on the ground and I was hammering, hammering, hammering at my wrist with a blood-stained stone. I do not know if it was her blood or mine. Both, maybe, for my wrist was like pulp when the iron finally cracked open and I was free. I caught a glimpse of blood on her temple. I suppose I had hit her there with the stone. She looked dead.

"All I wanted was to think—to think—to think. How could I think with her lying there? I crept out of sight of her and kneeled down. Her star, the star I had faked for hers, was shining in my eyes like a cold glare. That very minute a wisp of cloud blew across and wiped it out, and I heard myself squeal again. I was pretty much dotty, I guess.

"While I was trying to think she came alive. She didn't stir slow and moan like I have seen men, in my sea days, when they were knocked out. She was on her feet before I knew it, and off at a dead run. The broken handcuff went jerking and jumping around her as she ran. That was an awful night full of awful things. But the one worst of all—worse, even, than the finding of her afterward—was that mad figure leaping over the broken ground toward the cliff's edge.

"Even if I had tried to follow I never could have caught here. And she was going straight for her death. She dropped down out of sight into a hollow and came up on the rise beyond. I yelled to her to stop, for God's sake to stop. Then I held my breath to listen for her scream when she went over. I never heard it.

"But I heard something else. I heard a man's voice. It was clear and strong and high. There was death in it, I tell you, Mr. Kent, living horror gripped at the throat that gave that cry. Then there was a rush of little stones and gravel down the face of the cliff. That was all.

"Beyond me the ground rose. I ran up on it. It gave me a clear view of the cliff-top. I thought sure I would see the man who had cried out, from there. Not a sight of him! Nothing moved in the moonlight. I thought he must have gone over the cliff, too. I threw myself down and buried my face.

"How long I lay on the ground I do not know. The wisp of cloud had blotted out the woman's star, now, and by that I knew she was dead. But the moon was shining high. It gave me light enough to see my way into the gully, and I stumbled and slid down through to the beach.

"I found her body right away. It lay with the head against a rock. But there was no sign of the man's body, the man who had yelled. So I thought perhaps he had not gone over the cliff, and I sat and waited to see if he would come and care for her. It was quite clear to me what I must do, if he did not come. Perhaps my own brain was queer from the shock and the beating she had given me with her manacled wrist; but I felt that before I went away from there I must conceal the cause of her death, and everything about it that I could. If it was known how she was killed, they would be more likely to suspect me.

"I went back and got the rope. I got an old grating from the shore. I dragged the body into the sea and let it soak. I lashed it to the grating. I stripped the jewelry from her. But I could not take it. That would have made me a murderer.

"There is a fock in the gully that I marked. Nobody else would ever notice it. Under it I hid the jewelry. I can take you to it, and I will.

"I got on my coat and sunk my robe in a creek, and got myself to the railroad station for a morning train. And when I got home I married Irene, and I am through with the crooked work forever.

"This is the whole truth. I did not kill her. I do not know today who or what she is. I have looked in the papers, nad there is nothing, and that is so strange that I would think it was all a fearful dream, if it was not for my smashed up wrist. But if any human being knows more about the death of Astraea, it must be the man who shouted as she fel, from the cliff, and who went away and did not come back.

"And may God have no mercy for me if this is not all a true statement, so far as I know the truth.

"(Signed) PRESTON JAX, S-M."

(To Be Continued.)

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers:

What is the proper season to girdle locust trees in order to kill them entirely? I girdled a lot in June which put forth sprouts which are now several feet high.—B., Clifford, Pa.

**Husking and Storing Fodder.**

Every farmer has his personal preferences as to the methods he shall employ in husking and storing the corn fodder that is not shredded. Weather conditions also affect materially the solution of this problem. But the fact is generally recognized that the one great loss of corn fodder occurs in the field, where it deteriorates rapidly in feeding value from the time it is in a thoroughly cured condition. When good shocks are constructed the fodder will keep fairly well in the field for at least two months, but after that time the loss is great, especially if any of the shocks get down. In any case the leaves, the most valuable portion of the fodder, soon become leached by the snows and rains of wilnter and they then possess little feeding value.

Some farmers prefer to husk their fodder in the field as soon as the corn is dry enough to crib; the fodder is then hauled up as needed for feeding. Field husking should be done in early morning or during damp weather in order to avoid any unnecessary waste of the blades. Other farmers haul the shocks of fodder up as needed for feeding during the fall and winter and husk the corn at the barn. And still another class of men aim to get all, or nearly all, of their fodder to the barn and stored away before winter arrives, when it has to be shoveled out of the snow and chopped loose from the ground if still in the field. The winter hauling of fodder is disagreeable work at the best and for this reason, to say nothing of the waste which occurs when the fodder is long exposed to the weather, an increasing number of farmers plan every fall to avoid such work.

In any case it is always advisable to haul at least a part of the fodder from the field before stormy weather, for use at those periods during the winter when the weather is unfavorable for such work. Oftentimes a large amount of fodder can be stored in the barns. A high and dry loft is the best place to store it, for unless the fodder is very dry when hauled to the barn it is almost sure to sweat and mold where a large amount is stored together. Authough the moldy fodder is often eaten well by cattle, it is not desirable feed and it may cause bad flavors in the milk when fed to milch cows. By storing small quantities in a place, where there is good ventilation, the tendency to sweat and mold will be greatly reduced.

If there is no mow or shed room available for the storage of the fodder, a lot of it can be set up around the buildings where it will keep just as well, if care is taken to set the bundles up carefully, as in shocks out in the field, but it will be much more convenient for feeding. The barns and poultry houses can be made a great deal warmer by setting up a generous quantity of fodder on the north and west sides of the buildings.

Another method of storing this roughage where it will be convenient for feeding is to stack it. As soon as the fodder is dry enough so that a large bulk will keep without moulding, it may be hauled in and stacked much the same as other field crops. The stacks should be made high and conical so as to shed water well and they should set upon foundations of boards or rails. In stacking the bundles they should be laid flat and packed closely together. In some sections of the country the stacking of fodder is considered an ideal way of storing it for winter feeding.—W. F. Purdue, in Michigan Farmer.

## LIVE STOCK

**Use Preventive Measures.**

During this season of the year when hog cholera is so prevalent in the corn-belt states, preventive measures are the most important means to take to minimize the evil. The soil in a cholera-infested lot is inoculated with the dread germs, and every time a farmer visits a neighbor's hog lot where the disease is prevalent, he should really burn his shoes. The germs are said to be carried on buggy wheels, crates in which hogs are shipped, and in innumerable other vehicles. The carcasses of dead hogs should unfailingly be burned. Neglect of this important point is little short of criminal.

Keep the hog's quarters clean. Feed the best of food, and stay away from cholera-infested districts. These are simple preventive measures which every farmer may follow, and save a little of the ever-increasing demand upon the supply of cholera serum.

**Sheep Items.**

The best feed for sheep in milk is whole corn and oats, equal weight. Yellow Swede turnips will add succulence to the feed. They should be sliced fine. Alfalfa hay should be given in abundance.

It has been shown by experiments that 100 sheep can be fed for what it costs to feed 10 cows, and the returns from the sheep will be considerably greater than from the cows.

A recommended preventive for keeping sheep from having stomach worms is salt and common tobacco leaves.

Lambs make a greater gain in feeding than old sheep. There is nothing better for the former than good second-growth clover.

The heaviest fleeces are, as a rule, found on medium-sized sheep.

Sheep feeders in England attach more importance to succulent feeds, like turnips and cabbages, than do feeders in this country.

Sheep are very particular about the condition of their feed. They will not touch hay that has been nosed by other stock, neither will they eat grain over which rats or mice have played.

The hoofs of sheep make rapid growth, a provision of nature to stand the wear and tear of stony ground. Consequently, when on soft pastures, there will not be sufficient wear for the hoofs, and they should be pared at least twice a year.

The sheep-stables should have frequent cleaning. When the manure is allowed to remain too long, it gives off ammonia and other foul gases which injure the sheep.

Sheep manure has very aptly been termed "American guano."

A sheep allowed to fall off in condition will have a weakened constitution permanently.

Low, marshy pastures are unfit for sheep.

For winter lambs the ewes should be bred in July.

The ewes should be kept on pasture until November, and then confined to clean sheds, and fed oats, bran and oil meal.

**Milk for Hogs.**

Sweet milk, skim milk, sour skim milk and buttermilk are of practically equal value when fed in the proportion of two and one-half to three pounds of milk to one pound of shelled corn, says the South Dakota experiment station at Brookings, in its bulletin 136. If you are interested in this subject it will pay you to write for a full account of the feeding tests on which this and other conclusions were based. A bushel of shelled corn when fed with water produced an average of 11.9 pounds of pork, but when fed with 153 pounds of milk the average weight of pork produced in the same length of time was 17.7 pounds. While this is no indication of the value of milk when fed alone, it seems to show that when fed with shelled corn, 153 pounds of skim milk of little or no market value on the average farm produced 5.8 pounds of pork worth about 40 cents at last year's prices.

In many factories the secret of success has been found in the discovery and application of some method of turning former waste into a profitable by-product. The same principles can well be applied to the farm and farmers have not been slow in making this use of any extra milk.

## POULTRY

**The Poultry Outlook.**

The outlook for poultry has never been better than it is at the present time. The fact that meat has steadily advanced in price has caused more people to turn to poultry for a solution of the problem of supplying their tables with a cheap, but at the same time good, meat food. And poultry has proved satisfactory in this respect.

The fact that eggs have steadily advanced in price during the last few years should be inducement enough for all who are thinking of entering the poultry business, to choose it in preference to others, other things being equal.

People seem to be afraid that too much stress will be laid on the poultry business and that the whole industry will "fizzle out," but we can confidently say that such a thing will never happen. As long as the people of this country continue to have good, healthy appetites we need never fear that the poultry business will be overdone.

Farmers should pay more attention to the hens and other poultry on the farm. We know of nothing that will pay a larger profit, considering the amount invested and the amount of time and labor required to keep them in good condition, than a good flock of hens. Let every one raise more hens and produce more eggs.

**Treatment for Catarrh.**

Cold or simple catarrh is caused by undue exposure to cold and dampness or to drafts of air. Not infrequently birds suffering with the disease have been weaklings from the start, and naturally have little or no resistance to overcome slight exposure to cold and dampness. It is the exception rather than the rule for strong, vigorous birds to be affected with catarrhal diseases unless subjected to the most severe exposure. Therefore the essential treatment in such cases is to have strong, vigorous breeding stock and, together with this, methods of management that will insure strong, healthy youngsters.

The most practical medical treatment is to isolate the sick birds and give them stimulating food with a little cayenne pepper mixed into it. A splendid stimulating drug mixture may be made as follows: Pulverize and thoroughly mix 4 drams of gentian root, 4 drams of ginger, 2 drams of sulphate of iron, 1 dram of hydrosulphate of sodium and ½ dram of salicylate of sodium. These are all simple drugs and can be purchased at any drug store. A dose is three or four grains a day for a medium-sized fowl.

In severe cases of cold or simple catarrh it is well to wash out the mouth and nostrils twice a day with boric acid solution. The strength of the solution to be used with these hens should be about 15 grains to an ounce of water.

**Standbys in Poultry Yard.**

No breeds ever received more popularity than the American Barred Plymouth Rocks, of the White Wyandotte and they fully represent our ideas in what a market fowl should be—medium weight, plump body, quick growth, yellow skin, yellow legs and layers of good-sized brown eggs. No foreign bre has ever been able to cope with these American standbys.

France boasts of her Houdan, and well she may be, for it is a noble bird of medium weight, plump, quick growth —but it has a white skin, dark shaded or white legs and lays a white egg. There never was produced a better table rowl than the Black Langshan, and it lays a beautifully colored egg, but the skin of the fowl is white. So we could name other breeds, like for instance, the Dorkings, Indian Games, etch., but in all of them there is something lacking that we Americans want.

Even in the American class there are varietics which wil never become popular, and some of which have already practically passed out of existence. The Sherwoods, in appearance, were White Plymouth Rocks, and the White Wonders looked almost like the White Wyandottes. The only difference in these two breeds is that the Wonders have featherd legs, while the variety, they pattern after in appearance have clean legs. It was this feathering that crippled both the White Wonders and the Sherwoods.

The Rhode Island Reds have become quite popular, and it is an excellent breed, but it will never crowd out the Plymouth Rocks nor the Wyandottes.

The Columbian Wyandotte is a comparatively new arrival, and looks very much like a simon-pure cross between White Wyandotte and Light Brahma. They are excellent layers.

We call the Brahmas and Leghorns American, but strictly speaking they belong to England and Italy, respectively. Yet, if one makes a comparison of both these breeds as bred in this country with those of their native country, they are altogether different in type. The Brahma of England, for instance, is more of the Cochin style, and is not so prolific as the Brahma of America.

It must be said to the credit of the American fancier, that all the varieties he handles he improves in their utility qualities. There was a time when he considered the showroom of more importance than the production of meat and eggs, but today it is different. The day is not far distant when hens will be sold on their egg record instead of their outward adornment.

The non-sitting varieties lay white colored eggs. The best winter layers produce a brown egg. Too much middlings in the feed will cause small-sized eggs. The egg gradually decreases in size and weight as the laying season prolongs. The size of the egg, as a rule, increases with the age of the hen.

## THE DAIRY

**Selecting the Dairy Cow.**

The essential points of a good dairy cow are indications of a constitutional vigor, food capacity, development of the nervous system, good blood circulation, and the ability to produce milk abundantly.

1. Constitution—Well distended nostrils and good heart girth due to breadth and depth of chest are the best indications of that quality of health and vigor commonly referred to as constitution.

2. Food Capacity—Great length from shoulder to hip bones, together with great width and depth of barrel, indicating well developed digestive organs, which enable the cow to consume and digest large quantities of food.

3. Nervous System, or Nervous Temperament—A good dairy cow is active and intelligent. Large bright eyes, set rather far apart, a broad, well-dished face, and a spare and angular form are good indications of nervous temperament.

4. Blood Circulation—A good circulatory system is necessary to carry the digested food from the abdominal region to the udder. The milk veins should be large, tortuous and branching, entering as many large wells as possible.

5. Production Ability—The digested food is converted into milk only after reaching the udder. A large udder that is soft and pliable, but not flabby when empty, and well developed forward and attached rather high behind, and teots of medium size and squarely placed are the best indications of the cow's producing ability.

**Rations for a Cow.**

It is not possible to give a ration that will suit all conditions and all kinds of cows. In general, however, it may be said that the first requisite of an ideal ration for a good dairy cow is to feed all the roughage (soiling crop, hay, silage, roots, etc., etc.) she will eat up clean and one pound of concentrates (bran, chop, all kinds of grain, soy bean meal, etc.) for each three to four pounds of milk she produces. In most cases it will be found that this will be just about all she will eat regularly without going off feed. The second requisite in an ideal ration is that it should be nutritious. The ration should be sufficiently bulky on the one hand to fully distend the stomach and other digestive organs, and at the same time there should be enough digestible material to fully meet the requirements of the animal. Practical experience has shown that a proper balance is reached when about two-thirds of the total dry matter of the ration is in the form of roughage and one-third in the form of concentrates.

In addition to this an ideal ration should be palatable so that an animal will eat it with a relish. While little is known concerning the effect of palatability, it is certainly true that if two feeds alike in all other respects, the one most readily eaten by the animal will be the more effective.

The secretion of milk seems to be intimately connected with the water content of the food. The cow needs a large amount of water to drink, but aside from this there is a demand for feeds containing a high percentage of water, such as green foliage, silage, roots, etc. The cow's digestion is kept in much better tone when such feeds are used.

To have an exact balance between the protein and the carbohydrates and fats is not so important as was once thought; for milk production it is necessary to have a larger amount of protein than for beef animals, but a dairy ration is now considered fairly satisfactory if the nutritive ratio falls anywhere between 1:4.4 and 1:6.5.

Last of all the ideal ration should be composed of such feeds as will furnish the largest amount of digestible nutrients at the lowest cost. This necessitates the liberal use of home-grown feeds with proper selection of those which must be purchased.

## THE ORCHARD

**Eradicate Fire-Blight.**

"When fire-blight attacks the orchard the only remedy to prevent infection and to stop the formation of cankers in the limbs where the disease lives over winter, is prompt removal and destruction of all diseased portions of the trees." This is the answer Geo. F. Potter, horticultural expert at the college of agriculture of the University of Wisconsin gives to Wisconsin growers who seek remedy.

Fire-blight has gained a firm hold in Wisconsin and owes its name to the peculiar scorched appearance which it causes in the twig. The leaves turn a reddish-brown in color. The stem withers and turns dark. This means that tiny organisms have gained entrance to the twigs through the wound or some prick in the soft-growing tip. These organisms multiply with such rapidity that, if unresisted, they will damage a tree in very short time.

The expert advises growers to dip tools with some disinfectant as a solution of bichloride of mercury after every two or three cuts when removing the blighted twigs. If this is done, bacteria in tools becoming contaminated from touching the twigs will be destroyed instead of being carried to each fresh cut.

**Trim Up the Old Trees.**

Late in the autumn is the best time to trim the old dead and diseased wood in the orchard. Many old orchards have been rejuvenated by a liberal use of the saw and hatchet, greatly to the owner's profit.

Clean up the ground under the trees, for this debris furnishes many of the insect pests winter quarters and breeding grounds. Dead weeds and grasses should be burned off. To give the trees a chance for moisture the ground should be plowed, so as to let the rain and snow have a chance to stimulate the growth next spring. It may save some drought-stricken tree.

Plenty of light puts the color into the fruit, and to make this possible all useless and dead wood should be mercilessly cut out. In cutting large limbs it is always best to saw them about one-third through from the bottom. This prevents splitting of the bark when the limb falls. Wherever the trees are trimmed the wounds should be painted over with white lead and oil.

**Rabbit and Mice Pest.**

If I had small tres that were threatened with injuries from rabbits during the winter, I should certainly shoot, trap or poison the rabbits." In case this is not done, I would make wire tree protectors by bending galvanized wire of one-fourth or one-half inch mesh, so that it forms a tube the height of the trunk of the tree, or at least equal to the full depth of the average snow in the region, and put this wire tree protector around the tree like you would use an open ring. The woven wire protectors made of galvanized material may be left on the tree if you do not bind them too tightly, or, better, they can be stored in the spring for further use. I prefer wire to wood.

"If such wire protectors are sunken into the earth while it is yet unfrozen, they may materially aid in helping also to protect the trees from mice. However, in my own practical orcharding I use no protectors. I use and recommend to others the application of the boiled lime-sulphur solution, applied as a wash either with a brush, or with a spray pump, with a coarse nozzle or without any nozzle. The lime-sulphur solution can be made the same as for the San Jose scale, and in order to give it body some free sulphur or lime can be added. The first application should be made shortly after the first snowfall, and this should be repeated two or three times during the winter. To aid in keeping away the mice the earth should be mounded around the trees to a height of four or five inches and the lower end of this wire protector sunk to the earth around the top of the mound around the tree. The spraying is better than the wire protector, because if the snow is deep rabbits will be able to feed above the protector."

## THE GARDEN

**Doing Away With the Matted Row.**

In the West where all fruit-growing has been reduced to a working science the matted-row system of growing strawberries is seldom tolerated. Good cultural processes cannot be followed under this old slipshod plan. Thorough cultivation cannot be carried on. The wide matted strip can only be hand weeded, and owing to the lack of soil stirring in this row or bed the moisture-conserving dust mulch is always absent. Even with a fair amount of thinning out (which is seldom given by those who follow this method) no plant has space or culture enough to develop well.

Hill culture, which means the keeping down of all runner growths and centralizing the strength of the soil and the moisture in the original hills set, conforms strictly to good cultural theory and practice. Naturally it produces the highest results. In good, rich land the roots of a single hill will form a great mass of roots 12 to 15 inches in every direction. From this one heavily rooted plant from three to six strong sturdy fruit crowns will come out, with a great mass of foliage and long strong fruit stems. The sun and air get an even chance at all the hills, and on nearly all sides of each hill, so that the fruit specimens are much larger, more evenly and highly colored and firmer for the long-distance shipment. The largest known yields are from the hill plantations.

If planted in the check row—as most growers do on the west coast, 30 inches apart each way—the shallow-running cultivator can be operated both ways, tolerably close to the hills, so that the necessary earth mulch is constantly maintained. If planted in the double row, alternating with the wide space for pickers, as many have it, the cultivation cannot be quite so thorough, but there are compensating advantages.

Under both the check-row and the double-row systems strict hill culture is observed. All runners are kept down, and the whole strength of the land centered in the original hills. The labor of keeping down the runners is considerable—so also is the hand weeding in the old matted row. Soft, unevenly colored berries are the inevitable result of the crowded plants of the old matted row; while large size, even color and firm texture are the results of the hill system.

The hill plantations can be fertilized and cultivated so thoroughly that the planations can be carried double the number of years from one planting that the matted row can—another compensating advantage that would fully even the labor question.

**Fall Work.**

An asparagus bed may be started by sowing seed in early spring so as to give the plants a long growing season, but if one wishes to save a year's time, a supply of good strong plants, preferably one or two years old, should be obtained from seedsmen or plantsmen. Set these out, either this fall or in early spring, in a rich, w spot of ground, somewhat sandy such ground can be had, making rows four or five feet apart, and ting the plants two feet apart in rows and at least six inches deep. if small stalks are wanted, the pla may be set somewhat closer. ough cultivation should be given very sparingly if at all the first son and apply a good coat af man every fall. The asparagus patch be made too rich. For blanched paragus the rows should be filled siderably.

Sort the onions and store for wi none but perfectly sound specim which show no signs of growt Onions should be stored in a place, but they can stand a low te perature, without injury. When en, however, they should be allo to thaw out gradually without handled, as it will injure them t handled at that time. A cool, dry or garret makes a good place to s the well ripened and well cured on On the approach of very cold weath if there is any danger of their fr ing, cover the heaps with a foot dry hay. During warm weat through the winter when you kn the onions are not frozen, sort heaps over, removing all that sh signs of sprouting or that are get soft. These are all right for imm late use.

**Opportunities of interest to** **Read the Classified Opportu column on last page.**

## FARM NOTES

A well-kept flock of hens mea steady income—enough to keep in spending money while you waiting for your crops to grow. one thing is enough to recomm poultry keeping as a suitable line" for the boy farmer.

If you have lost a good m young chicks during the past sea and can find no other reason, it m be you will remember they had cess to sour food. This will kill th quickly.

Never give a hog waste water f the wash tubs because the soap i good for them any more than i for any other animal.

Golden Bell or Forsythia, on count of blooming so early in spring, must be transplanted in autumn.

Farm leases should encourage long time occupancy of farms the feeding of more livestock. A ter system of tenant farming brou about by longer leases and the couragement to feed livestock, stead of growing grain crops for m ket would be a mighty factor in ra improvement.

Professor Bailey says that a w is nothing more or less than a pl that is not wanted. Corn is a w in a potato field and rye is a w in the buckwheat field. Dandel are commonly called weeds and in many gardens they are grown greens and are crops, not weeds.

Cattle should not be allowed drink from old ponds which hap to contain enough water. You c not get good milk or butter fr dirty pond water.

The successful feeding of beef c tle begins with the growing of feed and not, as many seem to th when the animal goes into the f lot.

One way to keep young and att tive in mind and body, not to men beauty and general attractiveness to take a vacation away from h and business once in a while.

If your hogs have had plenty clover they will not need much c to make them simply fine. They just about get their living on cl and a good living, too.

The pleasant days of winter m be utilized cutting the old canes f the raspberry bushes and in tr ming the orchard.

Select the largest, most perfe built sows for breeding purpo These are usually the ones we just because they will bring a do or two more.

A rusty milk can is an ideal pl ing place for bacteria. Scalding wa will not reach all of the little pla where they hide and multiply.

Keeping the nests and the poul houses clean means work, of cou but how can one hope to succeed any business without work.

Don't trim young trees too liber Too much foliage taken from the t weakens its feeding power.

There is no secret about the succ of a man who adopts the most m ods and works on them.

Soy beans stand high as a food hogs, but don't let them eat heartily of them, especially at first

YOUR OPPORTUNITY
Is NOW in the Province of
SASKATCHEWAN
Western Canada
160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE
Do you desire to get a Free Homestead of 160 Acres that well known Wheat Belt. The area is becoming more restricted but no less valuable.
New Districts have recently been opened up for settlement and into these railroads are now being built. The day will soon come when there will be no Free Homesteading land left.
A Swift Current, Saskatchewan farmer writes:—"I came here on my homestead in March, 1906, with about $1000 worth of horses and machinery, and just $35 in cash. Today I have 900 acres of wheat, 300 acres of oats, and 50 acres of flax." Not bad for six years, but only an instance of what may be done in Western Canada, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.
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First person in each township. Guaranteed to make first class butter from milk or cream in 2 to 7 min. 1 to 10 gal.

# SCALP ITCHED AND BURNED

Scarcely Any Hair on Head. Terrible Itching. Also Bothered With Pimples and Blackheads on Face. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured Both Troubles.

Greenwood, Ind. — "First my hair began to fall, then my scalp itched and burned when I became warm. I had pimples on my scalp; my hair was falling out gradually until I had scarcely any hair on my head. I couldn't keep the dandruff off at all. My hair was dry and lifeless and I lost rest at night from the terrible itching sensation. I would pull my hair off and scratch my head any place I happened to be.

"For several years I was bothered with pimples on my face. Some of them were red red spots, some were full of matter, and many blackheads. I was always picking at them and caused them to be sore. They made my face look so badly I was ashamed to be seen.

"I tried washing my head with Cuticura Soap, dried without rinsing, then put the Cuticura Ointment on and rubbed it into the scalp. I applied the Cuticura Soap and Ointment the same each week until cured. Three months' use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment has made my face as smooth and clean as can be." (Signed) C. M. Hamilton, Sept. 24, 1912.

Cuticura Soap (25c.) and Cuticura Ointment (50c.) are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.


## FOUNTAIN WILL HONOR BUTT

### It's Friend and Artist Millet to Have Memorial.

Washington, Oct. 23.—Plans will be completed in the near future for the dedication of a fountain erected south of the white house in honor of the memories of Major Archibald W. Butt, former White House military attache, and Francis D. Millet, painter and author, who lost their lives in the Titanic disaster early in 1912.

Announcement of the completion of the fountain was made today. Former President Taft is chairman of the committee which raised the fund for the erection. The fountain is small, but artistic. It includes a large bowl of Tennessee marble, from the center of which rises a shaft to the height of seven feet. The water is thrown aloft from four globes brimming over the edges of the bowl in a cascade.


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# MEMORIAL TOWER FOR CLEVELAND

### Ex-President Is Honored by Gift to Princeton University.

Princeton, N. J., Oct. 22.—Princeton University's graduate college and the Grover Cleveland memorial tower, which is included in the architectural scheme of the college buildings, were dedicated today in the presence of a distinguished company of learned men from Europe and America.

Gifts amounting to $2,850,000 for the erection and endowment of the college enabled Princeton to realize an idea conceived 20 years ago—the housing of graduate students in a body. The tower was presented to the university by the Cleveland Monument Association which received gifts for the memorial fund from all over the United States.

**Taft a Speaker.**

The exercises were held in the quadrangle formed by the walls of the graduate college, a quarter of a mile southwest of the main campus. President Hibben, of Princeton, presided and about him were former President William H. Taft, who delivered the memorial address on Grover Cleveland; representatives of practically all the universities and colleges in the United States and Canada; hundreds of alumni and delegates from English, German and French universities.

The presentation of the memorial tower was made by Richard V. Lindabury, president of the Cleveland Monument Association, who said the funds for the memorial were contributed from all parts of the United States and by men of all parties and in all walks and conditions of life.

**A Square Man.**

"They desired by their gifts," he said, "to testify to their admiration and respect for those traits of character which made Mr. Cleveland the efficient foe of municipal corruption in Buffalo, the fearless and independent executive in Albany, and in Washington the immovable defender of the national credit and the relentless enforcer of law and order without regard to the persons or classes affected thereby.

"To the people of this country Mr. Cleveland stood as the embodiment of sound judgment, rugged strength and common honesty. To him public office and public service meant the same thing, and neither threats cajolary, personal interest nor popular favor were sufficient to swerve him one iota in the performance of what he conceived to be his public duty. His character is well typified by this tower erected to his memory, for, like it, he stood 'four square to all the winds that blew.'"

## FIVE KILLED IN MINE BLAST

### Premature Explosion of Dynamite in Virginia Shaft.

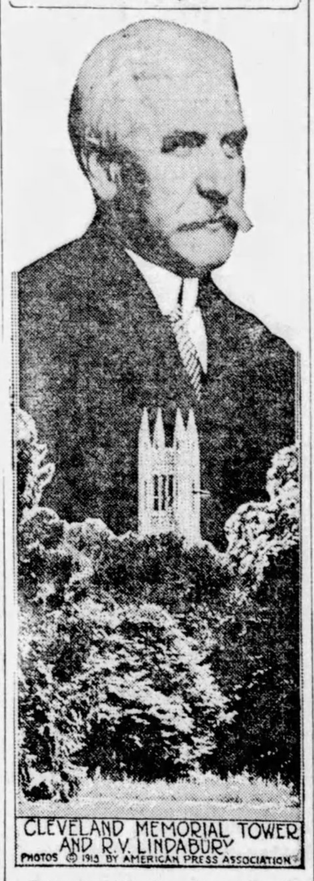
Lynchburg, Va., Oct. 25. — Five men were killed and two injured, one probably fatally, by a premature explosion of dynamite early today in the mines of the Piedmont Mangnese corporation, six miles east of here. Four of the killed were negroes.

One of the injured was a white man.

## TYPIST BREAKS ALL RECORDS

New York, Oct. 22.—All world's records for typewriting speed were broken at the national business show here last night by Miss Margaret B. Owen of this city, who wrote 125 words a minute during an hour's duration. The previous record was 117 words.

## Cleveland Memorial Tower Is Presented



CLEVELAND MEMORIAL TOWER AND R.V. LINDABURY
PHOTOS © 1913 BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

Princeton, N. J., Oct. 22.—The Cleveland memorial tower, erected here in honor of ex-President Grover Cleveland, who was for years a resident of the university town and died here, was dedicated today. Invitations for the presentation of the tower and the dedication of the Princeton Graduate School on October 22 were sent to college notables the country over. Richard V. Lindabury, the noted corporation lawyer of New Jersey who is counsel for the United States Steel corporation in the government's suit against it, presented the tower to the university.

**Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.**

## HE'S HORRID, SAY OPERATORS

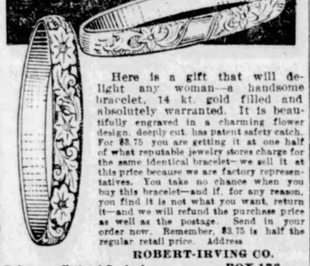
### Phone Girls Stirred Up by Congressman Critic.

Washington, Oct. 25.—Representative Carey of Wisconsin caused at least three young women in the Central Telephone Exchange to choke on their chewing gum today and led the entire force unanimously to declare him "a horrid, mean old thing." The Wisconsin statesman is conducting a crusade against what he terms "the miserable telephone service" afforded in the national capital. But he started a storm when he charged that the telephone company employed "young and inexperienced persons" to handle the wires.

"Isn't it just too mean for anything?" demanded a statuesque blonde as she viciously adjusted her headpiece. "The idea! Calling us 'persons!' When the Congressional Directory shows that he 'worked a wire' as a telegraph operator when he was 18, 'young and inexperienced,' indeed!"

Mr. Cary has introduced a resolution in the house calling for an inquiry into the local telephone situation. It would compel the corporation to supply a complete list of its employes, indicating their respective ages and their salaries.


**BUY A BEAUTIFUL GUARANTEED BRACELET AT HALF PRICE $3.75**



Here is a gift that will delight any woman—a handsome bracelet, 14 kt. gold filled and absolutely warranted. It is beautifully engraved in a charming flower design, deeply cut, has patent safety catch. For $3.75 you are getting it at one half of what reputable jewelry stores charge for the same identical bracelet—we sell it at this price because we are factory representatives. You take no chance when you buy this bracelet—and if, for any reason, you find it is not what you want, return it—and we will refund the purchase price as well as the postage. Send in your order now. Remember, $3.75 is half the regular retail price. Address

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Reference—National Bank of Commerce, Toledo.


# SUFFRAGE FIGHT TO COVER NATION

### Effort to Be Made to Pledge All Candidates to Amendment.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 23.—Defeat for re-election of all those who oppose the adoption of a constitutional amendment to assure nation-wide woman suffrage, including senators and representatives in congress and members of the state legislatures, is the avowed object of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, who arrived here today.

Dr. Shaw made this announcement today following a conference with Washington suffragists, at which plans were discussed for advancing the movement for the proposed amendment.

**Campaign Starts Friday Night.**

She will inaugurate her campaign at Lynchburg, Va., next Friday night, when she will address the Virginia Suffrage League, and proposes to continue it before other suffrage organizations in various parts of the country.

Plans for the convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, to be held here in December, were considered at the conference. Action on the constitutional amendment will be the principal feature of the convention, and the president expressed the belief that it would be unanimously favored.

**Denounces Pankhurst Detention.**

In a statement today Dr. Shaw denounced the detention of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the English suffragette leader, at Ellis island, characterizing it as "ridiculous in the extreme." The only effect upon woman's suffrage in this country Mrs. Pankhurst's case would have, she said, would be to arouse sympathy for the cause.

## CAN'T BAR ARMY UNIFORM

### No Discrimination Will Be Allowed Under New Law.

Washington, Oct. 23.—The war department has given its approval to the first draft of a law designed to uphold the dignity and honor of the military uniform of the United States in all of the states and territories and in the insular possessions.

The measure forbids discrimination in any public place against any officer or enlisted man wearing the uniform of the army, navy or marine corps and likewise prohibits any person not duly authorized, from wearing the uniform or any part of it. Offenders could be prosecuted in any United States court.

## President Issues His Proclamation

Washington, Oct. 23.—President Wilson today designated Thursday, November 27, as Thanksgiving day, and issued the following—his first Thanksgiving proclamation:

"The season is at hand in which it has been our long respected custom as a people to turn in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for His manifold mercies and blessings in a peculiar degree by manifestation of His gracious and beneficent providence. We have not only had peace throughout our own borders and with the nations of the world, but that peace has been brightened by constantly multiplying evidences of genuine friendship, of mutual sympathy and understanding, and of the happy operation of many elevating influences, both of ideal and of practice.

"The nation has been prosperous not only, but has proved its capacity to take calm counsel amidst the rapid movement of affairs and deal with its own life in a spirit of candor, righteousness and comity. We have seen the practical completion of a great work at the Isthmus of Panama which not only exemplifies the nation's abundant resources to accomplish what it will, and the distinguished skill and capacity of its public servants, but also promises the beginning of a new age, of new contracts, new neighborhoods, new sympathies, new bonds and new achievement of co-operation and peace.

"'Righteousness exalteth a nation' and 'Peace on earth, good will towards men' furnish the only foundations upon which can be built the lasting achievements of the human spirit. The year has brought us the satisfactions or work well done and fresh visions of our duty which will make the work of the future better still.

"Now, therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, the 27th of November next, as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer, and invite the people of the land to cease from their wonted occupations and in their several homes and places of worship render thanks to Almighty God.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington, this 23rd day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and thirteen, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and thirty-eighth.

(Signed) "WOODROW WILSON.

"By the President:

"W. J. Bryan, Secretary of State.

"Seal."

**Resinol**

**the skin treatment that does the work**

THE soothing, healing medication in Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap penetrates the tiny pores of the skin, clears them of impurities and *stops itching instantly.*

Resinol speedily heals eczema, rashes, ringworm and other eruptions, and clears away disfiguring pimples and blackheads, when other treatments prove worse than useless. Prescribed by physicians for the past eighteen years.

Wherever drugs are sold you can get Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. For trial size, free, write to Dept. F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. All druggists sell them.


# The Midlanders

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

After all she was "the best of mothers," as he had told Aurelle. Always about him this gracious care, this ennobling presence, this exalting standard of life. Always this warm, serene, home-guarding—all that was best.

He kissed her in their old comradeship of mother and son between whom nothing could come. "Mother, dear—" he answered slowly, "I know! Oh, it's been a battle, but I know!" And he looked up to see now his father's patient eyes shining upon them. Yes, they had lived for him—they lived for him now.

When he went out later, they watched him swing across the lawn and down High street in the unbroken spirit of youth, a noble sunniness, a clear freedom about him. They had given him to the land, the best that the land could offer. They watched him go in a pride that was a gratefulness to God.

CHAPTER VIII.

**The Tramp of the Young Men.**

Mr. Curran was in his office working on a rush job for the Gem Restaurant whose illumination across the Square, "Home Cooking — Chicago Style," was in his eyes as he kicked the old press treadle, when Harlan came in. Harlan had not intended to see Wiley again, so deep was his hurt and humiliation, but when he crossed the Square and heard the clankety-clank of the News jod department, he could not resist old faiths and ardors. Wiley, too, would be hurt if Harlan departed without a word. So it seemed the most natural thing to lounge in, sink down in the editor's chair, while the editor held up his inky hands a minute to wave them cheerily.

And always it was something like this: "Hello, Harlan!"

"Hello, Wiley!"

"Were you down at the Junction for the 7:10 this evening?"

"Yes."

"Who came in?"

"Old Lady Hicks and that Sheasby girl—from Ottumwa, Billy said."

"Hash 'em up for the local. Give Old Lady Hicks a real snifter—her subscription is about out and I want a renewal."

So Harlan reached for some copy paper and scawled the items, and looked over the stuff on the local hook.

"'News Notes' will be rotten this week. The brakeman on Ten said his wife had a baby."

"Shove it in."

"I don't know his name."

"Shove it in anyhow. Splash it on thick—jolly him about the cigars and Number Ten, and let folks guess who it is."

So Harlan scrawled on while the editor rehearsed all the news he could think of. "Tear up some editorial dope—local option. Saloon must be kept from our midst. • • • Home and Fireside. • • • Remember Our Boys. • • • Outlaw the Unholy Traffic. • • •" murmured Wiley above the clankety-clank.

Now, Mr. Curran had no boys, and the unholy traffic had plied beer bottles so high behind the News fence that wagons could barely pass; and his Home and Fireside consisted of one rotund old lady who had followed his haphazard fortunes from Puget Sound to the Rio Grande and back to the old town, but nevertheless, Harlan patiently denounced the traffic for a stickful.

"There'll be," mused the editor, "Banbury tarts and coffee in a minute when Aunt Abby comes from prayer meeting. Arne and Janet will drop in—it'll be a farewell spree for you, old boy. I'm glad we had you last, after all."

This was rare comforting. Harlan had wanted to be distant to Wiley, but one couldn't. Even Aunt Abby couldn't and she ought to know his worst. He was a man, like many a bachelor, who sought the mothering stimulus of elder women. He was his gayest and his best with them. Aunt Abby had followed all the later years of his wandering; had homesteaded with him under the gray low-hanging skies of the Dakota winters; she remembered the ceaseless winds and sands of Nevada where he had prospected, and the dim buttes of the southwest where they had slept under the stars in lonely cow camps. Always she had saved him from sheer vagabondia, given the respectability of motherhood to his vagaries, defended him against town gossip; was proud of him against all the world. "That limb, Wiley T." he was to her lonely need of love.

"Janet," mused Wiley, "and Arne—and you—that's about all there's been to the old town for me. It's been lonely here, Harlan—and I'm a bit gray around the temples. You three have made the town more green and fair and livable."

His eye had an unwonted sparkle today as he worked. Presently a smart team drew to the door, and by way of welcome, with his hail, the editor hurled a begrimed newspaper directory at the newcomer's feet. A tall, swathy-cheeked young man with the air of the fields upon him, followed Miss Vance into the shop. The woman superintendent of schools listened to her brother's exuberant chaffing of the others for a moment; she seemed mentally taking stock of the place—Curran wiping his hands on an empurpled towel, Harlan impaling copy on the hook; the general ne-er-do-well atmosphere of the Rome, Iowa, News.

"Tarts," said the editor, "and coffee. Maybe beer. Who likes beer? Nobody. It's unlawful. But there's a case under Aunt Abby's bed, and the good old lady, all unsuspecting, is at prayer meeting.

"We've dined," rejoined Miss Vance, "keep on with your work."

Mr. Curran was noted for his pretexts to evade work—which explained a deal about the News' circulation. Miss Vance sat down in the swivel chair at the editor's desk which Harlan had vacated. She was tailored far beyond Rome's possibilities even if Sarah Coyne, the dressmaker, had, since a recent trip to Chicago, changed the legend on her shop window to "Modiste." Tailored and groomed, 30, aggressive, keen, reserved—the county said it was not for nothing she was daughter of Jake Vance, the political farmer. Janet was accredited to be the most effective campaigner in the court house; she had been elected to her second term by a splendid majority after having carried her first election to the courts. The old-line party men had not wanted her, but they had had to accept a woman school superintendent. She looked Harlan over with critical interest; Mrs. Van Hart and High street had not given her much support.

Arne was poking among Wiley's exchanges, snorting militantly now and then. He was on his way back to the agricultural school in Wisconsin, where he absorbed as much radical politics as soil culture. Out of his pockets now bulged a great yellow ear of prize corn and a bundle of congressional speeches. Jake Vance, arguing about the Square on market days in his old, moth-eaten, buffalo coat, expounding his heresies to the farmers, was proud of his two children. Countrybred, there was no "hayseed" about them. Out at Cloverland farm they had a telephone, a piano player, a motor that did nearly everything about the house and stables, and all the newfangled devices; and the doubting farmers always stopped to see what next the Vances were up to.

"While we're all here," put in Wiley, "let's talk over the Christmas number of our magazine so's we can get it out by April. It's really due to our subscriber."

Miss Vance loked at him. "Wiley," she said decisively, "I'm going to sell The Inland Empire."

Mr. Curran feigned distress and amazement. "Sell it? Why, you can't—I'm president!

"Besides," he went on riotously, "we've got a new subscriber. I was afraid our other one would die. The Gem—Chicago Style. Since Sallie Frisby came back from the city she says its a shame this town has no place where one can go after the theatre, so she's going to keep the Gem open until 10 o'clock if there's not a soul in the place. She's going to give Rome a touch of high life, and on that aspiration I got her to subscribe to The Inland Empire—if we give her a write-up. Also, we take it out in trade. By Jove, I jumped at it—The Inland Empire does need a square meal!"

Miss Vance looked at him in some despair. "Nevertheless, we're going to sell the magazine—to a Des Moines chap who wants to turn it into a farm journal."

Mr. Curran looked doleful. It is true he was president of the corporation, but most of Miss Vance's salary had gone of late to get The Inland Empire out of the Earlville print-shop. Wiley had long since exhausted his eloquence and his credit. Mr. Curran's touch seemed as irresponsibly fatal to this grand scheme as it had to the News' circulation. Janet had had great dreams of The Empire. She had wanted expression and achievement beyond the routine of her work; she had thought to touch the world, its letters, crafts, movements with her own convictions; they would build their magazine slowly to success, aspiring high but yet keeping to the good earth, with departments for the home, the farm and countryside, while battling for the militant political ideals of the west. It would mean the sweetness of power and freedom—now she wondered how her own practical mind could ever have supposed it would succeed with Mr. Curran at its business head.

"Wiley," she said severely, "I shall sell it."

"You had better," he murmured again dismally, "consult our stockholders."

Arne and Harlan shouted irrepressibly. "Go ahead," cried Harlan. "I'll donate mine. I'm too busy this year to furnish any more 'Boston Notes,' and the athletic resume, anyway. I move we go down to the Gem, eat out that dollar subscription and then suspend publication at once."

"Harlan," retorted the superintendent, "Wiley is demoralizing you. I'm glad you're going back to Harvard."

Her brother looked with some frank resentment on the immaculate young man. The lean-faced student-farmer from Wisconsin had the dyspeptic diathesis of the reformer. The genial ease of breeding in the judge's son galled him at times, even as did Curran's whimsical impracticality. Arne's black eyes went about the shop with impatient envy, the old Washington press, the stack of frayed ink rollers, the high wooden cases of type stained and whittled by generations of wandering printers; the ramshackly desk, piled with yellowing and dusty papers, gummy with paste and ink accretions except in the one spot where the editor was wont to push everything aside to find a writing space—the student-farmer, burning with his fiery zeal, saw in it all power—power unused, dissipated, perverted. He was forever urging Wiley to further radicalism; and Wiley at his best was irresponsible enough. The Vances and the News had been united from the first by common sentiment; from this same old desk, Jake Vance in war-time days had lifted the body of the elder Curran, helpless with a copperhead bullet, and defied the mob; and in the years of the granger movements the News had supported Vance in repeated hopeless battles for congress. Arne had grown up in this demagogic ferment of vast ideas; he had come back from his "cow college" quick with a sense of revolt, an impatience to hurry his conservative county of the Reserve into the "young men's movement" of the party.

"Harvard," he growled, and then, conscious of his intolerance, added: "Oh well—that's all right. Harlan'll drop all that Bostonese accent when he gets back to practice here a year or two. And he'll be with us on the band wagon when we get this county organized to dump the old gang. He'll forget he's Judge Van Hart's son, and a nephew of Senator Fairchild and a—a Greek!"

Again they smiled at Arne's heat. He and Harlan had played on the same football team in high school, and the lean farm boy had been the sensation of the state athletic association. But though one may rip up the invading lines and score the championship touchdowns and be borne from the field smothering in ribbons and have to face, tongue-tied, the clapping of all the pretty hands in school at the annual association banquet, yet when all's said and done, to be a "Geek" and call on all those girls who flutter summer evenings in and out of the Van Hart gate is a much greater thing. Which is reasonable and proper and according to the light of the Best People in many places East and West other than Rome, Iowa.

"Oh, Harlan's all right," repeated Arne, "and so are these other people along High Street. So is that copper Indian over on the Square—he's marking the spot where something once happened. In Earlville they're laughing at our row over Sin Creek. Every time a freshet comes, what happens? Some of our prominent citizens wake up in the morning and find their lawns strewn with drowned socks and busted stovepipes and brass collar buttons that Sin Creek has swept down on us from the garbage heaps of Earlville. Then they roar and talk creek diversion, but nothing was ever done until they made it a county steal with Old Thad Tanner getting the rake-off. Then, being regular, the best families agreed to it."

Sinsinawa had been a scandal immemorially, everybody knew. But then everybody loved Sinsinawa, and Rome without the wanton singing down a dozen channels from the bluff would not have been Rome. One could put up with a vulgar dollar button washed down now and then from the alleys of Earlville.

Wiley Curran sighed as he watched the copper Indian across the Square, Chief Winnesaqua, who ruled the land when squirrels gamboled over the site of Rome. They were still gamboling over the old town, while Earlville had built its Hotel Metropole with English steeplechase scenes around the dining room wainscot. Rome had had Miss Amelia Parsons of the Parsons House, and her 1 o'clock Sunday dinner, with chicken, since 1856. Earlville had its Elks' Club done with a brownstone front. Rome had its Shakespeare Club which met Thursdays at the ladies' homes. Earlville had its syndicate theatre in cream brick; Rome had its opera house sheated in tin imitation of sandstone—and peeling off. Earlville—but why rehearse? There is the Carnegie library, the Young Men's Christian Association, the interurban, the home of Congressman Hall, which, like all the homes of great men in the west, was spiked with the militant decoration of a German cake—the east addition, and the factory district.

Rome had none of these. In lieu of town plats it had an imperial isolation. When the Earlville boosters, in train, went up the valley, to serenade other communities and parade in silk hats and white flannel trousers, Rome was usually entertaining district delegates to the Baptist Young People's Association and when a girl "show" struck Earlville direct from 200 nights in Chicago, Rome's tin opera house was invariably given over to Flint, the Hypnotist, the Swiss Bell Ringers, or the Chautauqua Quartette.

Mr. Curran accepted tickets to these on advertising, and sat gloomily all through. After all, Mr. Curran was a loyal citizen. Even though he did print the story of the drummer who related that Miss Amelia Parsons of the Parsons House insisted on his sleeping with brown papers under his ears, lest the pillows become soiled too soon after the Saturday change.

Of course he lost advertising. But Mr. Curran had an unhappy mania for printing things that lost advertising. Even now, Miss Vance, looking with patient eyes at the three—Harlan, fair-skinned, resolute, serious, his large-boned frame carrying, at 21, a man's dignity her brother Arne, soil-burned, Indian-cheeked, nervous, lean, a Lincolnian awkwardness about his clothes and then Wiley with his young-old eyes, the close brown beard lending him, in Rome, an inescapable foreign air—felt Mr. Curran's perennial failure.

At 18, when she taught her first school, she supposed that Wiley would ask her to marry him, but he had gone off on footless wanderings. wanderings. Twelve years later he came back, a trifle stouter, a bit sad, still mischievous, the many-sided friend, but not the lover. She had gone on to a successful and widening career she had developed a personality, made a place; but Wiley—well, Wiley had become "Curran of the News." Even now Harlan Van Hart, many years the younger, was fitting himself for his father's honored footsteps; Arne was enthusiastically putting in his great schemes for soil-sweetening, lecturing to farmers' institutes, and dabbling in county politics; but Wiley had marked time.

She was too sane, too finely schooled to linger over sentimental regrets because of Wiley or herself. Only, as a wife, and a wife of a man of affairs, she saw one path to the larger life she longer for. She had the instinctive political predilections of her family; the man she should marry must bulk up with the county men at least. Arne, back from his eager drinking of economic revolt at the most radical college of the west, was already listened to, but Wiley's paper—well, it was only the News barking away as it had done since abolition days! The county was used to that.

Yet Janet had a peculiar sense of his closeness to all that prosy life of the countryside. Never a losing grievance of the farmers for which the News did not contend; never a day but what, in and out of the shabby old shop, some shy countryman did not stray to relate the district news, to ask a favor or confirm some rumor. Curran had inherited all this, and curiously, with all his dilettante indrawing and worldly sophistication, had delighted in it. In her drivings to lonely districts on school visits the lady superintendent found this insistent interest: "The News editor," what was he doing or saying?

When she related this, Curran had laughed carlessly; as he had laughed when Janet had urged him to run for congress; just as he had laughed, running his blued fingers ruefully through his hair, when she asked of his plans for the abortive Inland Empire. Miss Vance, in the case of Mr. Curran, usually concluded by going on and disregarding him.

"I suppose," he put in now, on Arne's never-ending satire of county affairs, "I'll have to shag along with the old town alone. You boys off to college, and Janet visiting the district schools. Christmas—who'll be home Christmas?" He appealed to Harlan ingenuously.

"June for me. I'll run down to Washington for Christmas at the senator's."

Wiley slowly considered. Senator Fairchild, cousin of Mrs. Van Hart, one-time cabinet officer, intimate of the President, most powerful figure from the west at Washington. Surely, for a country judge's son, the mere relating of dinner at Fairchild's bespoke a flattering future. Harlan was, indeed, the son of fortune.

But again Arne growled. Fairchild was the red rag in the faces of the stae's political rebels; he was one with the gigantic financial interests that dominated his party. Already his re-election was bitterly opposed.

"Eat that dinner, son," roared the farmer-student. "It'll be the last one for that old cuss as a senator The governor's crowd'll get him! I tell you you fellows ought to get an ear to the ground. Here Wiley sits in his old shop kicking off a four-dollar job for the Gem restaurant when he ought to be out among the people. Here's Harlan getting through law and then hanging out for some picayune case Old Thad Tanner throws him to keep him lined up with the old guard. In a few years he'll be fat and married, driving a car around town, never a hair sweated and—respectable! Oh, lord!"—Arne smote his hard fists together—"never a rough and tumble fight in your life, was there, Harlan?"

Harlan smiled. That sort of thing was not for the Van Harts.

"You ought to come up to Wisconsin instead of going east. That Harvard graft is all right for law, but you want to catch the new spirit of the new times. Sometime up there in the North I'd like you to climb the hill with me and see the fellows from the cow college fight to get into Carmack's lectures on political science. I say, fight to get in! Carmack's the faculty chap that regents would fire if they dared. But I tell you every man who comes out of the class room is a political missionary against the old order. You ought to hear those young professors talk—that's the stuff for the West!"

Wiley's eyes were on the two. Both native sons of the Midlands, one bronzed with the soil, lean with his ardors; the other healthily pink, the beauty of Galahad, the pure nuture of his father's Victorian standards—of the two he loved Harlan better. There was about him a completion, he was the product of an American era done; the other was in the travail of the making. But he could visualize all of Arne's outcry. He himself, in the wandering years, had seen the epic of the old West close; he had mingled the wine of his life with it. But now the new land was here, the stately cities rising, the ordered nobleness of form. That was the meaning of the cry and tumult, the fuller democracy; the West had seen and caught the vision; and Curran, the Celtic romanticist, could feel the splendor.

"'You shall seek the truth, and the truth shall make you free;' that is what they tell us up there," went on Arne. "I've lain in bed after bucking all night on soil tests and economic history, and listened to the young men going up the hill to Carmack's lectures—the young men up the hill in the snow at 7 o'clock! And when he declared that the spirit of socialism was the spirit of every good thing the world was fighting for; when he told them to go out and preach the recall, and the state control of wealth—I've heard them shout, and others going up the hill took up the shout. That's what we're getting, along with soil culture and forest preservation and law and engineering—I tell you it sounds like the march of a new civilization—the tramp of the young men going up the hill."

To Be Continued.


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**6381—A Simple New Dress

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You can't be happy today if you worry about tomorrow.

Motto of the crawfish: "Be sure you are wrong and then back up."

Everybody ought to vote for the best man and marry the best woman.

Bad news travels by electricity; good news comes poking along by mail.

Mrs. Pankhurst is not a great attraction. She does not burn any churches in full view of the audience.

Nothing grandmothers ever did seemed wrong. And how some of them did love to smoke an old clay pipe!

Usually the persons who talk a great deal about the world growing worse never do much to make it better.

Many farm boys have made the mistake of thinking there is more music in a factory whistle than in the old dinner bell.

Any game law that makes it impossible for a fool to try to eat a quail a day for thirty days should have the public's approval.

Probably if there were any statistics covering the subject we would find that poverty has made more philosophers than riches.

Should an old fellow of today wake up young some morning his first problem would be to find out how to go courting in an automobile.

A Kansas woman was excused from jury duty because she had too much housework to do. Wouldn't let the bread burn to save the country.

If Barbara Freitchie was a fake, as some people now admit, then the Quaker Poet had more imagination than he was supposed to possess.

A Missouri judge has ruled that a woman has a right to use a broomstick on her husband. The vacuum cleaner was invented none too soon.

It doesn't seem just right to hurl old shoes and things at a newly-wedded couple and let those who come out of the divorce court escape.

Our notion of nothing to stir up one's unbounded enthusiasm is the parcel post's capacity for carrying a human stomach from one town to another.

Never feel hurt when you bite into a chestnut and disturb a worm. In all probability the little fellow would have moved out within a day or two, anyway.

We once knew a man who used to be a candidate for some office at every election. As a result he always felt out of place and unhappy between campaigns.

We shall have more faith in the doctors than ever before when their newly-discovered substitute for kidneys is accepted by the insurance companies.

Marriage has not changed the spirit of Inez Milholland's dreams. She still would rather ride a horse in a spectacular suffrage parade than boil cabbage.

One young singer says if women wore trousers they would have less worry and more ease. Evidently she has not heard that trousers are to be worn skin-tight.

One reason that a man is reluctant to jump out of bed on a cold morning is that he permits his mind to become absorbed with goose pimples instead of bacon and eggs.

That old motto, "One Good Turn Deserves Another," doesn't appeal very strongly to the fellow who had to turn the grindstone for two hours at a time when he was a boy.

"A New Jersey school teacher has resigned because she was not permitted to wear a tight skirt while on duty." Perhaps it would be well to elect more young men on school boards.

"Every time a famous man goes wrong," says the Washington Star, "a lot of parents wish they had been more careful about naming their children." The only safe way is to name them after dead statesmen.

An Ohio preacher wants a divorce because his wife attacked him with a rolling pin. He is without sentiment. The rolling pin is not a dead thing; it is alive with tradition. It symbolizes woman's marvelous versatility, her sense of art, capacity for love and her compassion for the human race. It should not be dragged into a prosaic court.

### MRS. PANKHURST GETS IN.

President Wilson has taken the sensible course in the case of Mrs. Pankhurst. The lady is not a convict in any true sense of the word. From her point of view and from that of many thousands of persons in her country she is a patriot. She is, we understand, somewhat careless with fire. The south has said the same thing of General Sherman. She has acted upon an irresistible desire to smash the hat of a distinguished political opponent down over the distinguished opponent's ears. This is an impulse not unknown to American politics and to keep her out of this country on that account is to assume the impossible role of hypocrite.

Mrs. Pankhurst has given a sort of pledge that she will not burn any churches or pour any vitriol in the mail boxes while she is in America. She need not have given that promise. She wouldn't have done these things anyway. For however much she may enjoy this sport of her invention, she would not do anything to hurt the cause of her American sisters. She is too much of a lady for that. We can even imagine that at times, say when food is being shoved between her teeth by the jail physician or when her feet are wet and cold after blowing up a country house in the early morning, she sighs for the quiet methods by which women in this country accumulate triumphs and powers. Mrs. Pankhurst may be fanatical, but she isn't devoid of common sense or altogether forgetful of the privilege she is out gunning for.

The purpose of this visit, we gather, is to obtain funds to carry on the militant suffragist movement in Britain. If she gets them we ought not to complain. For surely we Americans haven't entirely ceased to delight in the sight of the British lion taking to the tall timber.

### HELPING OUT THE CHURCH BELL

Church advertising in the newspapers, when first it is tried in a community, strikes some people as amusing, some as shocking. The newness of the thing makes it look at first glance like one of the bizarre experiments of which the times seem astonishingly full.

But church advertising is no more experimental than all advertising is experimental. For it is only one more way of calling attention to the duties of Sunday morning, an aide to the conscience, a comrade of the church bell. It is but helping to translate that thought, "I ought to go to church today," into terms of action.

The problem of getting people into the pews is one of the most vexing of all the problems of relision today. The choice of the ministers of the gospel is only a choice as to how they shall go about it to get people to remember their duties, to slough off the habit of neglect, to recognize the source from which flow the greater blessings of our civilization. The advertising pages of the newspapers, until recently, have not been considered a medium for reaching the non-churchgoer and the only-occasional-churchgoer. It cannot be said that this was so because of any defect in the medium, because it was vulgar or tainted in the least degree. It was merely custom which caused the church to ignore this method of reaching whom it would.

### FEES FROM 'POSSUM HUNTERS.

The policy of compelling hunters to take out licenses has been carried so far that down in Georgia the game wardens have decided one must pay a fee and obtain a permit before one may hunt the 'possum.

It may be that in Georgia the 'possum is hunted with fire-arms. But we know of parts of the south in which it is just as much a violation of code to shoot a 'possum as it is in England to shoot a fox. The proper weapon in those parts is a club. Hunters run in packs. The rule seems to be to shout down the dogs, to dive through brambles and plow through swamps, to stumble over all logs within the area of six square miles and to be so weary and bruised and hoarse at the end that the 'possum will feel all puffed up with pride over the energy expended in bringing him to earth. The chronicles of 'possum hunting in some rural communities are kept in terms of accidents—according to the number of hunters who get lost or who fall into the creek, the houn' dogs that get into the way of some lusty plowhand's club or the clothes that get ripped to ribbons by reason of an involuntary slide down the trunk of a shell-bark hickory. This sort of 'possum hunting is real sportsmanship. It gives the quarry a chance. It promotes hilarity beyond all bounds. It has been known, too, to promote wedlock, as when the hunt is a neighborhood affair and some youth is jolted out of his self-consciousness and shyness by the ardor of the chase.

The licensing of 'possum hunting in Georgia may be only a revenue or a conservation measure. It would be disappointing to find this state of fine old traditions so lacking in sportsmanship that hunters go hunting for 'possum by daylight with shotguns or high-powered rifles.

### BLACKMAILING UP-TO-DATE.

A blackmailer in Chicago attempted to wring money from a woman of wealth by sending her living germs through the mails and assuring her that he alone had the cure for the disease which inevitably would attack her the moment she opened his letter. She was to place money where he could obtain it without fear of detection and then he was to send her the remedy.

The success of the scheme depended, of course, upon the little the victim might know of the ways of disease germs. The less that was known the more likely the crime to succeed. These minute organisms virtually are everywhere. Tuberculosis germs must move with current of air in a city. In India, where the diseases have permanent habitation, germs of Asiatic cholera and bubonic plague must be somewhere in every household. But unless conditions are ripe for propagation, the persons exposed fair material for colonization for disease, the germs are harmless. It is true that exposure to the bacteria is a danger. But it is true also that mere contact between human flesh and disease germs does not make infection certain. Otherwise, those who study in bacteriological laboratories would be of exceedingly few days and full of suffering.

The Chicago blackmailer was ingenious. One may wonder if he knew as much as he pretended to know.

### THE BULWARK OF THE LAW.

The Detroit News has its doubts as to the ability of Ohio to limit the number of saloons to each 500 of population, as directed by the state constitution. Michigan, it seems, has a similar law. But it represents just so much waste legislation. It isn't enforced. "We are still away above our legal limit," says the News, "and there we are likely to stay." The News goes on to wish us luck, hoping that Ohio will have the strength to carry its reforms through; "but our own experience makes us doubtful."

The value of any law lies completely in the desire of the people to make it good. Every sign indicates that the people of Ohio intend that the new saloon statutes shall be enforced. every sign from the vote on the constitutional amendment to the methods employed to fix the allotment of saloons to each county. We have every reason to entertain the faith that 2,647 saloons are going out of business in Ohio and that they will stay out until, by reason of increase in population, licenses for as many may be obtained. The law has not only the machinery of enforcement behind it, but also the people.

### AS IT MAY BE SOME DAY.

President Wilson, in vetoing a bill which would have given Adolph Unger, of Tiffin, O., a second chance at West Point, said:

"I have the greatest sympathy and admiration for young men like Mr. Unger, who seek, in spite of difficulties, to show their mettle; but I am convinced, upon careful inquiry, that he cannot, with his present preparation, advantageously continue his course and that his reinstatement would, under the circumstances, be subversive to the proper discipline of the academy."

We nourish the faith of some day hearing the American teacher supporting the doctrine that it is vastly more important for the schools to develop good citizens than it is to enforce a rule. We believe we shall live to hear him openly declaring that it is a finer thing to make use of good human material to the world's advantage than to boast perfect discipline.

Young Mr. Unger, we believe, has a right to feel aggrieved. It is hard in the circumstances not to wish an unpedagogic moment for President Wilson in which he would feel the same way.

Because of a shortage in the supply of currency paper the United States treasury is compelled to circulate soiled bills. Fortunately most people are very patient when it comes to handling a roll of soiled currency.


## Chicago, New York, and Uncle Sam's Daily Mail

CHICAGO is just around the corner—New York is two blocks up the street—you are just as near the big city stores as though you lived on Fifth avenue or stopped at the La Salle Hotel.

Uncle Sam's daily mail has annihilated distance—the letter carrier and the expressman are links that bind the cities, villages and farmsteads into one great shopping group—and the farm dweller enjoys the same buying facilities as the woman or man who visits the markets in person.

The show windows of the cities come to you in the form of the advertising you find in every issue of the Weekly Blade—and in the shape of handsome, truthful catalogues for which much of this advertising invites you to send.

Buy in the cities when you can—there you get advantage of variety, low prices, absolute newness—and satisfaction guaranteed.

So look over the advertisements in this issue from a new viewpoint—see them as salesmen, coming direct to you from the city stores—

And remember that where you patronize Weekly Blade advertisers you help us get more advertising—which means that we can give you even a better paper than the acknowledged greatest national weekly—the Toledo Weekly Blade.


## Blade Premiums Exceedingly Popular

### Much Favorable Comment Received From our Readers.

### Our New Patterns in Nottingham Lace Curtains and Three-Piece Lace Bed Sets Immediately Gain Favor.

A great many of our readers have expressed themselves as highly pleased with our new premiums; of this verdict, however, we felt assured because our new premiums are of better quality than we have ever been able to secure before, and of latest design. In order that we might have exclusive right to these pieces, we were compelled to contract for the entire output of a large eastern lace mill. These new premiums are of exceptionally fine value and are a combination of style, grace and beauty—the very latest in the lace manufacturers' art.

**Nottingham Lace Curtains.**

This new pattern embraces a composite design of all that is new in lace curtain style. You will find the popular cluny lace appliqued on a background entwined by graceful ribbon festoons in true lovers' knot groupings, and a beautifully drawn floral spray seemingly scattered carelessly through the border.

This curtain is of our usual high standard quality, and you will find it will wear splendidly. It is made of strong material and has buttonhole stitched edges for further protection. Comes standard size, two and a half yards long and thirty inches wide. All of our curtains are the same pattern, therefore subscribers receiving pairs at different times will always find them to match. You should at least furnish one room with these beautiful and tasty curtains.

**Three-Piece Lace Bed Sets.**

This Bed Set is made from a very fine quality of genuine Nottingham Lace and is strong and of good wearing quality. The Set consists of one spread, size about 70 inches wide and 90 inches long, and two shams to match, size 30 inches square.

In addition to improving the quality, we offer you a decidedly larger set this year, and one that is extremely new in style and very effective in laciness.

The design is a galaxy of floral garlands, centered on a Shadow Lace background, embellished with a ribbon entwined Cluny lace insertion. Large medallions center both spread and shams. Deep lace borders with heavy overstitched scallops are a fitting finish to each piece. The combination has been so beautifully worked out that the whole effect is positively the handsomest and most refined we have ever seen.

We want everybody to have one of these Bed Sets in their homes. It will add a finishing touch in gracefulness to your bedroom or guest chamber.

**How to Obtain These Premiums.**

On the first day of each month we will mail to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, a notice giving choice of several propositions for renewal. Therefore all subscribers whose time expires during November should receive our proposition by November 1st. If not received by November 4th please notify us and a duplicate will be mailed. All who send us a club of 10 or more subscribers will receive one pair of Lace Curtains by mail postpaid, and for a club of 20 or more subscribers one three-piece Lace Bed Set postpaid by mail. We shall be prepared for the majority of our readers to send us clubs of 10 or 20 names, thereby availing themselves of our curtain or lace bed set proposition. We do not make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time, as it would be impossible to serve all at once. Our mill cannot supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enables us to take care each month of all subscribers whose time expires during the current month. We now make this offer to November subscribers only, and 30 days later the December people will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month.

We have just mailed to all of our subscribers whose time expires during the month of November our special propositions for renewals and the raising of clubs. When you receive your notice, please read carefully the several propositions we make; you will find them exceedingly liberal and we feel confident that you not only will renew promptly, but that you will induce a large number of your neighbors and friends to join with you.

## "Hohenzollern Luck"

London Chronicle.

Does the kaiser ascribe any part of the prosperity of his reign to the possession of the "Hohenzollern luck?" The "luck," a plain gold ring with a black stone, first appears in history when Frederick the Great received it from his dying father, with a note declaring that so long as it remained in the family the race would prosper. Legend affirms that one day, centuries before, when a Hohenzollern princess was about to be confined, a large frog hopped on the bed and dropped the ring from its mouth. The "luck" was stolen from Frederick William II. by his mistress, the Countess Lichenau, in 1790; hence, it is said, the Prussian disasters of the next few years. It was recovered in 1813, just before the great war of liberation, which re-established the fortunes of the Hohenzollerns.

### Latent.

Without the garden wall it grows,
A flowerless tree;
Wrung by the restless blast that blows
Across the sea.
Forgotten of the fickle spring
The scanty leaves droop, withering.
Scarce would it seem—poor, sapless thing!
A rose to be.

Yet must the frail and faded spray
A rose remain.
Though bitter-blowing winds today
Its growth restrain.
Somewhere, however these deny,
The color and the fragrance lie;
Somewhere the perfect flower its dry
Dull stalks contain.

If a kindlier soil perchance
The root should grow
Where dews would fall and sunbeams glance
And soft airs flow,
Fair as the flower the garden shows
The leaf might spring, the bud unclose.
From out the calyx of a rose
A rose will blow!

—Kate Putnam Osgood.

### A-SURE-TO-WIN PLATFORM

There are many people who believe that the Old Testament, in one of its most essential and instructive parts, would have been quite different if the affliction which was visited upon Job had been a case of ivy poisoning. They know the strain on patience that this thing is. They know how provocative it is of all that is irritable and protesting in a person's soul, how drugs and sleep can scarcely allay one particle of its agony. Compared to ivy poisoning, sackcloth is eider down, a bed of thistles as sweet and soothing as an old-fashioned feather mattress to the weary bones of a farm hand.

Down in a New Jersey community a candidate is making his campaign on an anti-poison ivy platform. He says that if he is elected, he will drive all poison ivy out of town as he would flies or tramps or other pests of the sort. He will consider poison ivy as the constable does a medicine man shouting his wares without a license. He will banish it forever and any boy may climb a tree and any chicken owner may hunt for eggs and escape the curse that is secreted by a plant of deceiving modesty and gracefulness.

It is inconceivable that this candidate should fail to gain office. Every man who has ever been poisoned by ivy is bound to risk the penitentiary by voting at least a dozen times for this stout-hearted crusader.

"The doctors have discovered a satisfactory substitute for the human kidney." Satisfactory to them, perhaps, but how about the man who would have to wear it?

## The Unobserved

Chicago Tribune.

"WE'RE all going loony," said a pedestrian.

A chit, self-esteemed as of Dresden chins effect, minced along dangerously on toothpick heels and in a hobbled and unslit skirt, which permitted her the tread of a canary. A girl with newly laid in October effect, in rouge and powder, flashed a red stocking through a slit that gave her legs and the eyes of the spectators greater freedom. Another bobbed a Zulu top feather two feet above her hat and was placidly indifferent to the fact that she looked as if she were cultivating a solitary chrysanthemum on her head.

A youth whose cigarette, pendent, was more prominent than his chin, exhibited three inches of white stockings below the legs of a pair of trousers that would have been laughed at as "high waters" 10 years ago. He also toted, as the largest burden on his mentality, a fuzzy hat, and escorted a damsel whose costume would have been undress in a boudoir. They went into a variety theatre where an "O, O, O" rag time would be intellectually elevating.

A gentleman, sitting on the middle of his spine, brought a yellow racing car to a stop at the crossing signal. A newspaper delivery wagon disgorged a bundle of red papers otherwise conspicuous for a seven column head justified because the word "tango" could be used in connection with the word "murder."

"We're all going loony," said the pedestrian.

A twisted man in faded clothing, not so faded as his face, went by on crutches. A woman in faded clothing, not so faded as her face, held to his coat as if that clutch might be a protection to him in emergency. A child whose pallor suggested a lack of sustaining food, held to the woman's skirt. Six serious Polish girls, with shawls over their heads, went by, two by two, followed by a modest woman carrying a child and guarding two.

Five hundred people were within view from the corner, and the girl of the Zulu top piece and the girl with the toothpick heels were as two in two hundred.

"We're going along about as usual," said the pedestrian.

## Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune.

### MASTERMAN READY, By Capt. Marryatt.

MASTERMAN READY had followed the sea for more than half a century. At last he had risen to the post of second mate on the big ship Pacific. The Pacific was on her way to Australia. Her only passengers were a family named Seagrave.

The family consisted of a father and mother, three sons and a little daughter. With them was their negro servant Juno. The father was given to words rather than to deeds. The mother was more or less an invalid. Tom, second of the boys, was a pest. His mischievous tricks were forever getting people into trouble. Altogether it was a somewhat unpromising family.

As the Pacific was traversing the southern seas she was shattered by a gale that also disabled Osborn, her captain. The crew, carrying their helpless captain along, deserted the ship. There was not room in the boat for the Seagraves. So Masterman Ready stayed behind on the wreck with them.

He managed to steer the foundering ship aground on an uninhabited island and to land the helpless passengers. There were provisions and live stock aboard the Pacific, which he safely transported to the beach. The island, he discovered, would easily sustain life if they took the trouble to farm the ground.

The Seagraves were in despair over their misfortune. But Ready rebuked their lack of gratitude at the unexpected safety that was theirs. And under his leadership they set about making their island home habitable.

Tom proceeded to get into mischief by setting himself adrift in a little boat. As the tide bore him away Masterman Ready swam out through the shark infested waters and rescued him. This was but one of many instances in which Tom proved himself a nuisance and a menace.

The refugees built a stockade to guard against possible attack, dug a well and started to erect a house. For a time all went pleasantly enough. Then one windy day they sighted a vessel in the distance and ran up distress signals. But the signals apparently were not seen. For the ship went on its way.

Soon after a danger against which old Ready had been guarding became a reality. A fleet of canoes filled with armed savages apeared off shore. Masterman Ready had provided for such an attack. He had provisioned the stockade and had had placed there a huge tub filled with drinking water.

But Tom, whose duty it was to draw water from the distant well, had been saving himself the journey by drawing it from the tub instead. And now, when the attack began, the tub was empty. There was no chance of reaching the well in safety, for the savages were swarming everywhere.

After destroying the house the natives tried to "rush" the stockade. But the deefnders were well armed and after a fierce battle they beat back thir assailants.

Mrs. Seagrave and the children were suffering horribly from thirst. Master Ready made a dash for the well. He reached it, filled the bucket and started back for the stockade, pursued by the savages. Just as he reached the stockade gate the old man fell, mortally wounded.

He was dragged inside the gate as the savages gathered for another attack But as they charged a series of deafening reports was heard and masses of grapeshot and canister ripped through the black ranks. The natives took to their heels in wild panic.

Off shore rode a schooner, which was bombarding the fleeing savages. A boat was sent ashore, steered by Captain Osborn, commander of the wrecked Pacific.

The ship which the fugitives had hailed so long before had seen their signal, but because of rough weather could not land a boat. Word of the occurrence had been carried to Australia. And Captain Osborn, who had lately reached port there, had set out at once with a relief expedition, reaching the island barely in time to save the castaways from death.

Masterman Ready lived only long enough to greet his old captain and to say good-by to the family whose guardian angel he had been.

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## Sunday School

### THE PREACHER, THE DONKEY, THE PROBLEM.

### The International Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 2, Is "Balak and "Balaam." Numbers 22:1-23:10.

**By William T. Ellis.**

This story is a room with many windows. One looks out upon the preacher and his message. Another frouts the miracle question. Another sweeps the mysterious field of Eastern magic. Still another faces Mesopotamia and the possible traces which Abraham's monotheistic faith left in his old home in Haran. The biggest window of all confronts the foolish spectacle of a proud, rich king trying to thwart Jehovah and his purposes. A very small window portrays the prophet, true to his message, yet stooping in the end to suggest a vile and heathen stratagem to the enemies of Israel; and, afar, Balaam dying in battle on the side of the Midianites. Like many another preacher, he did not live up to the truth he taught; but his message was true, none the less.

**The Man of Mystery and Magic.**

A man of mystery was this Balaam. He had great fame as a wise man of the East, a seer, a necromancer. His home was in a Hittite city, far across the desert on the other side of the Euphrates. One is tempted to digress here concerning magic in the East, which persists to this present day. In the same region, I recently watched a fantastically-clad witch-doctor with a wand making the rounds of an Arab village, and with mutterings, incantations and songs, conjuring away the evil spirits. From Mesopotamia I brought home several Jewish "incantations bowls," of great antiquity, which had been translated and written about by Prof. Montgomery, of the University of Pennsylvania Museum. Balaam belonged to an old and honored profession.

A startling fact about this celebrated Balaam was that he had a knowledge of the one Supreme God, Jehovah. Now the Israelites had been in a hard school down in Egypt, learning this lesson. How came Balaam, far away in upper Mesopotamia, to possess this supreme truth? The answer is romantic, and fraught with many lessons. Balaam lived near Haran, the home of Abraham, who had gone thither in obedience to the bidding of the one true God. That region is still filled with apochryphal traditions of Abraham; what is likelier than that Abraham's faithful witness to the great truth of which he was custodian had continued until Balaam's day? We know the uncanny persistences of stories and customs in the east. If Balaam had not come to his knowledge of Jehovah through the agency of Abraham, how else did he get it?

**When King Needs Prophet.**

Forever and everywhere it is a higher office to be a man of God than to be a great man among men. It is a loftier function to speak, without fear or constraint, the truth learned from God, than to stand before kings, loaded with royal favors. In all final issues, the earthly potentate must seek the help of the spiritual messenger. Balak, king of Moab, sending in his extremity for Balaam, the prophet of the unseen world, is a type true to all times. Observant persons have not lost the significance of the fact that in the present crisis in the history of the United States, the people called to their highest office a man who, by life-long habit and esssential character, is a preacher of righteousness. The need of this hour is not for a greater array of "practical" politicians, but for leaders who see deeply into the spiritual springs of life.

The plight of Balak was simple. The Israelites, now near the end of their long pilgrimage, had overrun Moab. They were victorious for the present, and their further power portended ill for the Moabites in the future. Amid the fertile foothills and valleys and perhaps on the uplands, and on the great rich plain just east of the Jordan, the host were encamped. I have personal cause to remember well this turbulent region, for three years ago I was attacked by a highwayman while camping there. The Jordan is less than a day's march distant. Nebo's mountain loomed above them, the height from which Moses was to get his one view of Canaan. The Jews were in an exultant mood. Balak was correspondingly depressed. The arm of valor having failed him, he had recourse to spiritual power; and so he sent a deputation of prominent men on the long journey to Pethor, on the Euphrates, to purchase, at any price, the aid of Balaam the seer. "Come now therefore, I pray thee, curse me this people; for they are too mighty for me. . . . for I know that he whom thou blessest is blessed, and he whom thou cursest is cursed."

**Was Balaam Good or Bad?**

So far all is plain sailing. When we get into the heart of the lesson we find ourselves enmeshed in difficulties. If the International Lesson Committee had taken counsel with Balaam's ass, it never would have selected this perplexing passage from the history of Israel's wanderings for the study of the Sunday Schools of the world. The tale is one for theologians to cudgel their brains over; the average member of the Sunday School will scarcely get beyond the talking donkey, and the tremendous contradictions which lie upon the face of the story.

**An Unpurchasable Man.**

Like every other man whose message to men is worth heeding, Balaam went apart in solitude when the first deputation brought him the king's invitation. The word he received from Jehovah was to heed them not. But Balak would not be refused; he sent a larger and more imposing delegation of princes (churches seeking to draw a pastor from another field understand this method well), with promises of rich reward. We should like to feel that the answer represents the real Balaam: "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of Jehovah, my God, to do less or more."

## Good Roads Days

Engineering Record.

THE good roads days" in Missouri last week, attracted attention the country over. Judging by most reports the chief benefit deemed to be derived consists in the actual work done—the number of miles graded and graveled. Undoubtedly a small army can, if properly directed, effect a temporary improvement in two working days. But there are disadvantages as well. The chief one is that these days will engender the notion that highway work is extremely simple and that it consists solely in filling up ruts. The value of drainage, so essential to good dirt roads—is likely to be overlooked. Moreover, spasmodic efforts are likely to leave the impression that occasional efforts are sufficient to keep roads in good condition. Bitter experience should teach road users that such is not the case, but the omission in highway laws of provision for maintenance is so general that something besides occasional good roads days is necessary to inculcate sound ideas on highway management. Until the people at large have sound ideas on the subject, proper recognition of maintenance will not be accorded by their legislative representatives. These roads days should be accompanied by an educational propaganda. If with the campaign for bringing out the men there be combined the distribution of short, simple leaflets emphasizing the essentials for good dirt roads, the value of the good roads day will be much enhanced.

## Advance in Food Prices

IN the current Atlantic Monthly, G. S. Dickerman, in discussing the "drift to cities," produces as a byproduct a good deal of information as to the rise of food prices. Because of the drift cityward it was expected that there would be a decline in farm products. The corn crop of 1910 was less than that of 1900 (census years), by 114,000,000 bushels. Wheat was greater because of a better yield, but had 8,000,000 less acreage. The apple crop was less by 27,876,000 bushels, and the small fruits by 36,653,000 quarts. Proportionately in 1910 wheat was grown for every 1,000 inhabitants on 212 fewer acres than in 1900, with a product of 1,236 fewer bushels, but a valuation greater by $2,283—on 30.6 per cent less land, 14.3 per cent less production and 46.9 per cent greater value. Corn was grown on 178 fewer acres for every 1,000 inhabitants, produced 7,337 bushels less, which was valued at $4,743 more; or 14.7 per cent less land, 20.91 per cent less bushels and 43.5 per cent greater value. All the cereals had 14 per cent less land, 16 per cent less product and 48.9 per cent greater value in 1910 than in 1900. Orchard fruits shower 32.6 per cent, fewer trees 16.1 per cent, less fruit and 39 per cent greater value. For all crops there was 9.18 per cent less land cultivated while the product cost 51.2 per cent more.

Meanwhile, in this decade, meat cattle decreased 5,916,000, swine 4,682,000, and sheep 9,056,000. Or proportionately to each thousand inhabitants cattle on farms decrease 219, while increasing $2.38 a head in value; swine, 195 head fewer, with $3.17 increased value a head; sheep, 238 fewer, and in value $1.67 a head greater. There was an increase in horses, mules and goats. But every old northern state shared in the cattle decrease to a total of 2,000,000 head. Mr. Dickerman's reasoning is that all this comes from a cityward drift, resulting in a decrease of the rural population. Therefore, that the increase in price of beef, button, pork is thus explained. The smaller crops caused by a decreasing rural population work a decrease of live stock by reason of less food for the animals, and this decrease accounts for the higher prices of the dressed products. But he argues still further effects. We are not and cannot go on exporting as large quantities of breadstuffs, meats and fruits as heretofore, and this will cause higher prices in all countries with which we have commercial relations. More than this he traces a deterioration of character as a result of the cityward drift. the young farm boy growing up as a city dweller becoming less of a man in very many ways than the boy growing up on a farm. This, as Kipling might say, is another story. The exposition as to the rise in the price of food products or cost of living seems to be traced, in part, to a positive relative decrease and some times absolute decrease in the production, compared with population. It is a valuable showing and a very serious one.

## VARIETIES

Spanish dictionaries contain abo 120,000 words.

Japan's national debt amounts $1,300,000,000.

Jamaica's 1912 imports were valu at $14,845,145.

Missouri last year produced ha valued at 721,896.

India this season produced 58,1 000,000 pounds of rice

India buys vast quantities of Ame can lanterns.

Bohemia last year grew 358,6 acres of sugar beets.

Bohemia, last year, had 87,295 a in hops.

Los Angeles now has ten public pr duce markets in operation.

American egg output is valued $1,000,000,000 a year.

Louisiana gathers 4,000,000 bush of oysters in a season.

Athens is to have a municip slaughter house to cost $600,000.

Greece annually produces more th $1,000,000 pounds of tobacco.

The population of the United Sta contains 3,300,000 more males th females.

Harvard university has this ye added new buildings costing $ 000,000.

Sweden imports a limited quant of salted horse, principally from Ru sia and the United States.

Two cherry orchards in New So Wales, Australia, yielded $10 worth of cherries this season.

An instrument in the weather b reau at Washington records ev lighting flash within 100 miles.

An air-propelled hydroplane h been built in France for use on sh low rivers in America.

Clock making in the Black fo of Baden and Würtemberg now e ploys 14,000 persons.

Hiram Percy Maxim, the invent has taken out a patent for a silen for gas engines.

In 1911 there were 90 cotton mi in Japan, with an investment of proximately $31,000,000.

The government test for hunting six hours in salt water and then hours exposure to the sun.

More women are employed by t British government than by that any other country.

It is estimated that there are least 2,000,000 gasoline or oil engi at work on the farms of the Unit States.

Swedish farm laborers, who are hi by the year, receive an average w of $85 annually, with board and ro in addition.

Minnesota has a great plan to ma rich dairying country out of the la now denuded, on which great fore once grew.

Verhoyansek, in northeastern S beria, is the coldest inhabited town the world. The winter minimum 85 degrees below zero.

Ebony is always soaked in water from six to 18 months as soon as c It comes chiefly from Mauritius a the East Indies.

Although the United States h more cattle than any other count except India, it is the world's great importer of hides and skins.

A German economist, Profes Wolff, estimates that by 1920, if t present tendency continues, Germa birth rate will be the lowest in Euro

Prince Edward island is virtual the pioneer in rural mail deliv among the Canadian provinc Eighty-six routes have been establi ed in the island since the plan w undertaken in 1909-10.

The Imperator, on a recent tr brought safely across the Atlantic 981 persons—the greatest human ca go ever carried by any seagoing ve sel. Of these 3,649 were passenge and 1,332 were crew.

The richest and perhaps largest ir ore mine in the world is at Kiru Lapland, as far north as northern Alaska. The climate is milder tha that of Alaska and the mine is wor ed the year around.

In China a man can not, by w dispose of his land in favor of a one person, whether relative stranger; it must be distributed amo all his male children without exce tion.

The lands burned over during t terrible fires on the Idaho nati forests in 1910 are now largely co ered with a thick growth of you tree seedings by natural reseeding.

Violet light is being used in Fran for testing precious gems, especia rubies, as by its use the more val able Burmese stones can be dist guished from the Siamese ones of le worth.

The Lindenberg observatory Europe recently completed 10 yea of daily studies of the upper air co ditions by the use of kites, and bo captive and free balloons.

A century ago only 300 species orchids were known, and those v imperfectly. Now the latest auth ity gives the number of known spec as 10,000.

At the Ohio state experiment st tion, at Wooster, the crops have ave aged, for a term of years, about tw as much to the acre as the usual yi of all grain fields in Ohio.

Trieste, Austria's leading seapo expects to profit greatly by the in creased commerce of western Euro with the far east and the Balkan a Mediterranean countries.

A comparison of 625 star athlet of the Naval Academy, with 580 n athletes, in both cases from th classes of 1892-1911, shows that a parently the non-athletes are in be ter physical condition than the at letes.

Except for quarters for the 2,5 or more operatives who will be nee ed in connection with the canal op the Panama railroad, the canal zo will be a sort of military reservati This is an especially bad time to go to Panama looking for opportuniti

Electricity is universally used in t Stavanger district of Norway as a re sult of the cheap hydro-electric pow made possible by many waterfa Even the peasants and fishermen dwelling on the fiord islands ha electric lighting in their homes.

In line with scientists' recommen dations that a series of stations b established in Europe from whi balloons can be regularly liberated f air current study, Germany has ope ed more than 15 such stations an Russia plans to establish 50.

The wine crop throughout Franc in 1912 was considerably larger tha in 1911, the vintage amounting t 1,567,559,288 gallons in 1912, against 1,185,715,157 in 1911. This an increase of 381,844,131 gallons ov the previous vintage and more tha double that of 1910.

# The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

## THE BIRTHDAYS

By Martha Holden.

Your Martha went to two birthday parties this week. One was the birthday of a church in a nearby village, seventy years ago when the country was new, a few persons set up an altar in the wilderness, and today there exists a staunch brick edifice with stained glass windows and a noble spire which spiritualizes the landscape for miles around. The celebration lasted for several days and was attended by people from all over the county. Ministers came from far to preach and there were special singers. Flowers from many gardens brightened the altar, and the babies from many homes enlivened the congregation and gave a sure promise of its long continuance.

All up and down the village streets the women of the church opened their homes for the entertainment of visitors. There was a bountiful dinner at the church with all the good things of the season, and the good will that belongs to all the year. I was there for the last evening service of the celebration, and missed the first part of that, and my friends were regretting, as we waited at the trolley station, that I had missed the wonderful dinner. Such fried chicken and high cakes and preserves as were described!

But they knew, as well as I, that the greatest refreshment had been given us in those splendid messages from the pulpit and in the fellowship of the general meeting. One minister spoke of the influence of the church on the fighting men of our country. Many of our revolutionary heroes were not only church members, but they were church officers, active defenders of their faith, as of their country.

We hear so much these days about the work of women for humanity and the betterment of the world, that it is refreshing to hear one speaker teach a good deal of importance to man's work in the church.

He said, "Do you realize that the founders of Christ's religion were all men? No women. A fact significant that men are the intended leaders of Christian work, with women as their able and willing assistants. Men never were needed as they are now in the moral warfare of the world. Their influence in church work is limitless."

A motto on the church wall was prominent. It was inscribed "Our Aims," and it included the ambitions of a larger membership and Sunday school and church attendance for the year. If it is realized every member will have to do personal service, the secret of all vital church building.

The other birthday celebration was that of a D. A. R. Chapter of our own city. Eighteen years ago a dozen descendants of revolutionary soldiers formed a chapter for patriotic work and enthusiasm. It has grown, until at its birthday celebration, 135 women sat down to a beautiful luncheon in the ball room of a big hotel. The guest of honor was the president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. William Cummings Story of New York. She is the head of hundreds of patriotic chapters representing thousands of women all over the country engaged in patriotic work. Mrs. Story is a gracious, graceful little woman with iron gray hair and kindly brown eyes. She is in effect, almost girlish, though she is a grandmother.

Her manner is so simple, her words so sincere that the daughters were drawn to her more as a friend than as the great leader, which she really is.

The officers, including Mrs. Story, several vice presidents general and the state and chapter regents, occupied a table at the upper end of the splendid long room, so that they could command a view of the festival. Tables seating 12 extended in double rows the length of the room, and these were adorned with pink shaded candles and center bouquets of pink and France roses and carnations. In the center of the room was a small circular table on which reposed a birthday cake, three feet high, fancifully iced and adorned with pink candles. After the salad had been served all the guests rose in their places and sang For Auld Lang Syne, while Mrs. Story and Miss Campbell, the chapter regent, advanced slowly around the cake, whose candles had been lighted. Then followed a graceful little speech by the regent, with response equally graceful by Mrs. Story, who then cut the first piece from the cake and returned to her place at the table, the daughters resuming their seats for the service of dessert. Ice cream decorated with flags and birthday cake, which the waiters quickly provided, with coffee, ended the feast. Then there were speeches, showing the earnestness of purpose of this particular phase of woman's work, the stimulation of love of country, after which all joined in the singing of America, and the luncheon was over.

A reception by the state regent, Mrs. Kent Hamilton, followed at the Woman's building, and there the president general, her arms laden with daisies and roses, smiled a greeting to new women from other chapters of the city and to the Sons of the Revolution, who left business long enough to help make the occasion a success.

It is a fragrant recollection—the lovely women in their freshest fineries, the flowers which scented the rooms, the orchestral music and the hum of many happy voices.

One of the guests recalled to me Henry D. Thoreau's only attempt at attending a party. He has recorded in his journal that once when he was 35 years old he went to a party. He says it was a noisy place, that the girls were pretty and all well enough behaved, but why talk?

Women have to talk and all they say is by no means idle. Social life in a rational quantity is essential. As I looked about on the happy faces and into the gentle eyes full of purpose for the carrying on of the mightly work of the order, it seemed good to be a woman and an "organized" one.


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OUR SPECIAL OFFER:—If you use patterns, or if you order any pattern shown in this or any other issue of our paper, we will send you the very latest issue of "EVERY WOMAN HER OWN DRESSMAKER" for 2c. Just send your address and 2c to

THE BLADE, Toledo, O


## Our Correspondents

I am a teacher in our public schools and I think there is no other vocation that offers so many opportunities for doing good. We are in a large degree responsible for what our pupils think, do and become. Then what a grand and sacred privilege it is to teach young boys and girls over whom we may have such an influence.—Arthur Bell.

We have taken The Blade for quite a few years and find the Peace Page very helpful. If Jodie of Tennessee will send her address to me, I will tell her a safe and sure remedy.—Mrs. W. D. K., Michigan.

Do any of the readers of this page know the whereabouts of J. S. or John Scott Chapman? Last heard of him in Pittsburg, Po. He was in the employ of the Champion Iron Co. for a number of years.—B. M. C. of West Virginia.

Over 70 years ago I read your pages in my father's home in Mohecanville, O., and at intervals since then. Now I see from the Nickerson Argosy that you are advertising in this most excellent state of Kansas, the state that leads in prohibition, wheat yield, empty jails and poorhouses, and many other good things. Reading your ad. gave me an earnest longing to see my old friend again.—Rev. B. E. K., Kansas.

A poet card shower is asked for Mrs. Leota Stevens, St. Louis, Mich.

### POEMS REQUESTED

Must We Leave the Old Home, Mother?

In a Cheerless Room Alone.

Rabbi Ben Ezra is too long for the Corner, but will some obliging friend please forward it to Mrs. Butler, Portland, Mich.

## THE COZY CORNER

**Here we meet for Health, happiness and Good Cheer.**

### A BLADE STUDENT

I am a close student of the Blade. In the Blade of September 11, Mrs. C. W. G., your Montana contributor, in her postscript thinks "Reader of Michigan" has the terms "lady" and "woman" turned around. This is not for criticism. I have a high estimate of woman at her best. But what constitutes a lady?

The lecturer in our grange one evening got up and said (very emphatically) "I'd like to know what constitutes a lady." I thought I knew, but when I took my pen to put into language to show to the grange I found myself in the condition of the man in the Orient whose sovereign required him to tell what God was.

He asked for a day to consider it. And when called on for answer, he was not able to tell and asked for two-days and so kept doubling the time.

It is easy to tell what doesn't make a lady.

All ladies are women. But all women are not ladies. I don't accept the dictionary or the world's definition of lady. With all due deference to Mrs. C. W. G. and woman, a lady is a woman, with additions not in age, stature and physical conditions, raiment or wealth.

She may be the girl in her teens or four score. She may have the form of the goddess, Athene or Anna of Cleves, the German consort of Henry the VIII. She may live in a mansion, or in a hut (like Margery L.) She seems like an exotic from another clime. Virtue and goodness radiate from her, as light and heat from the summer sun. She is a prime factor in the world's forces and wields a power second only to omnipotence. Every family is a better family and the world is a better for having ladies in them.—Eli Barton, N. Y.

The Blade's dear old friend, Mr. Barton, adds in his postscript that the writing of the above has done him good, even though it be fit for the basket. It has done us good too, and the letters from all Blade friends over 90 years old are much too precious for our waste basket. Mr. Barton, it will be remembered, is the tree lover, who has performed an eternal service to his country by planting many trees. —M. H.

### FOR DRESS REFORM

I have just been reading the Peace Page of the Blade, as I do each week, and I always find helpful suggestions. But when I came to the letter headed "A Sane Man's View," signed by Raoul Coubert, concerning the shameful fashions of women's attire, I said an earnest "Amen" to it. But what a shame that it has gone so far that men have to pick up the subject and try to work a reform in the way women are dressing. It makes some of us blush and feel ashamed sometimes that we belong to the feminine sex. Too much cannot be said against this great evil that is creeping in as the sepent in the Garden of Eden. It is only increasing the white slave traffic, and every true mother and woman should raise her voice against it.—Mrs. E. T., Wis.

### AN ELUSIVE QUALITY

Should women follow the fashions? From the standpoint of a "mere woman" I answer, yes, to a reasonable degree. No woman wishes to be so old-fashioned and out of date as to attract attention and no "mere man" admires her when thus attired.

To be sure, as Mira, of W. Va., says, style is given too much attention nowadays, and is the cause of much sorrow. I do not approve of extremes, but I think it is possible for the average woman to strike a "happy mejum" in dress if one tries. I don't think many of the sensible Peace Page readers are trying very hard to keep up with Paris models. We will leave that to the women who have more money than brains.

For my part I think there is much to be said for the styles of today—not the extremes, please remember— I like the large waist and straight lines because they are natural. I also like the moderately narrow skirts and handy one-piece frocks. They take less material and are easier for the home dressmaker to handle. And to my mind there never were prettier dresses for young girls and tots than the simple things of today. As for short sleeves and low necks what could be more comfortable in hot weather?

A woman of individuality knows what becomes her and is able with a touch here and there to keep in style and preserve her individuality at the same time. I know a woman who has worn her hair in the same style for 15 years, yet I never heard anyone speak of her as slouchy or out of date. She never follows an extreme or immodest fashion, yet is always neatly dressed in clothes that have enough of modern style and cut not to be termed old-fashioned.

Now, I think any woman, by using her brains, could accomplish this and eliminate the worry of style and a great deal of cost. No woman has a right to get so far behind the times that fun lovers are nudging with their elbows and nodding when she comes in sight. I stood on a street corner in a small city some weeks ago watching a show parade, when I heard a laughing voice behind me say, "Minnie, do look at that," and turning, I too, took in the sight, which was a middle-aged woman wearing an untrimmed hat, lawn mother hubbard, low shoes and whisper it softly, no stockings. Turning to my friend I remarked, "It is hard to believe we are the same species of animals, isn't it?"

Now, that is what I call the extreme of utter disregard of fashion and the opinions of others which we all want to shun. And on the other hand a friend from a large city was telling me of a woman who appeared in the streets wearing a slit skirt and silken half hose. That is the other extreme, brought about by an immodest desire to attract attention at any cost. Of the two, the one who has the means to dress well and instead appears in immodest attire deserves far more blame and criticism than one who does so, through carelessness and poverty.

I noticed at this same parade many young girls in dresses suitable for an evening party. One, in particular, because I knew her and knew she was a graduate of a city high school, had a beautiful home, and many social advantages. In the station of our little town a few afternoons ago, I saw a very pretty young girl wearing a beautiful light pink silk dress. She was going shopping in the town 10 miles distant. Now, I call that bad taste. It makes one wonder if those girls have no social pleasures and are compelled to wear their clothes on the street in order to be seen in them. How much better dressed they would appear in a simple, quiet street dress.

I am trying to train my girl—I have one in high school—to be neat and careful about little things, hair, buttons, shoes, hose, etc., but she shall never wear evening dresses on the street, no matter who else does. I shall be very firm on that subject. Every young girl needs an older person to look after her dresses and dressing and that is why I say mothers must not get too far behind. They owe it to their daughters to be able to direct and advise, and their influence should always be on the side of modesty. As I have taught school many years, sometime I may give mothers a talk on the school child's clothes.

What has become of the Old Jigger from up the Creek? We would like to hear from him again?—School Ma'am of Missouri.

## President of the D. A. R.

MRS. WILLIAM CUMMINGS STORY

MRS. STORY holds a position of no small honor among the women of America. The Daughters of the American Revolution now number 100,000, and in point of social standing, power and prestige, are the most remarkable body of women ever affiliated for patriotic purposes.

Mrs. Story, on her mother's side, traces her family in this country back to Johann de la Montague, who settled in New York in 1613. Twenty-three men of her family were in the Colonial war, and several members of her family had the honor of entertaining George Washington.

## BOYS AND GIRLS

**OUR MOTTO:**

**All that we do**
**We do with our might.**
**Things done by halves**
**Are never done right.**

### A Disastrous Fire.

We live three and one-half miles from DeLand and four and one-half from Weldon. There was a disastrous fire in Weldon this summer. It burned almost a block in the business part of town. My birthday is the 17th of June. I am not like some of the boys and girls, I have nothing of great interest to tell, nevertheless I am not discouraged for if at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Will exchange post cards with the boys and girls who find interest in reading my letter.—Golda Mae Marvel, Deland, Ill.

### A Cow Girl.

I am a cowgirl from the wild and woolly west. I wish all the boys and girls could be here with me. I sure have some jolly times out here in the western part of Nebraska. I have lived here all my life. I will be sixteen next month. I should like to correspond with any one that was sixteen years in October.

I help mamma and papa both, and I like to wash dishes pretty well.

Girl From Pennsylvania, come and go horseback riding with me, for I just love to ride after the cattle, and I should like to hear about your camping expedition through the paper.—Cow Girl from Nebraska.

### The Michigan Woods.

I live in the woods of Michigan near the Manistee river and beside the P. M. R. R. at Highbridge. The bridge is 1,113 feet long and 70 feet high. The river bank on the south side is about 100 feet high and on the other is is nearly 200. There are many squirrels and bears here. I am 14 years old and am in the eighth grade. I go to the country school. I would like to hear from some of the Blade readers.—David Dinger, Highbridge, Mich.

### A Good Ancestry.

I live in the country and about five miles to the nearest railroad. I am 13 years old and go to school every day. I wish to hear from the Blade boys and girls often. For pets I have a sheep named Paul, a dog named Bruno and a colt named Dixie. My hobbie is horseback riding. We have a phone in our house and it is lots of company. I am in the fourth grade at school. I love to get the Blade and turn to the Peace Page first. My father has taken the Blade a long time. It has been in the family for three generations. I have no brother or sister, but I have a half brother. We live with my grandmother. Her husband is dead. He was in the civil war.—Murl Bloss, Wayne, W. Vo.

### SHORT AND SWEET.

Juanita Garner, Unionville, Mo., is in the seventh grade. She lives in the northern part of Missouri and would enjoy cards.

Monica Phillips, 321 West avenue, Medina, N. Y., is a little girl five years old who wants cards. She will answer all.

Bessie Pearl Dorsey, Runa, W. Va., lives in a lonesome place where cards and letters are welcome. She will answer all. She is 17 years old.

Dora Elliott, Clifton, N. C., is a 15-year-old girl wishing cards.

Ralph Moon, Holly Grove, W. Va., has five brothers and three sisters. He is 18 years old and would like cards.

I am an Indiana girl. I live in a pretty little town of about 100 inhabitants. I was 14 years of age on August 30, last, and am in the tenth grade. I would like very much to hear from others whose birthday is the same date as mine.—Erma Crampton, White Pigeon, Mich.

Ada Elliott, Clifton, N. C., would like cards.


*How to Make Better Cough Syrup than You Can Buy*

**A Family Supply, Saving $2 and Fully Guaranteed.**

A full pint of cough syrup—as much as you could buy for $2.50—can easily be made at home. You will find nothing that takes hold of the ordinary cough more quickly, usually conquering it inside of 24 hours. Excellent, too, for spasmodic croup, whooping cough, bronchial asthma and bronchitis.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, then add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

This is just laxative enough to help relieve a cough. Also stimulates the appetite, which is usually upset by a cough. The taste is pleasant.

The effect of pine and sugar syrup on the inflamed membranes is well known. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and other natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this combination.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup remedy has often been imitated, but the old successful mixture has never been equaled. It is now used in more homes than any other cough remedy.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 242 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.


## MERRY-GO-ROUND

**TRY TO:**

**To all the people you can,**
**In all the ways you can,**
**Do all the good you can,**
**Just as long as you can.**

**Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.**

### A BACHELOR'S VIEWS

I'm a poet—that's not what I intend to say. I want to take up this woman question: The "weemen" bother me a good deal—for I'm a susceptible old bachelor. No. First of all, let me take up this question of—hell—a somewhat similar question. Who's "H. C. V." that is trying to destroy one of our pleasures—the belief in hell; and take away our privilege of consigning our hateful enemies to Tophet.

Let me say that we'll hardly get rid of Tophet by wishing it out of the way. There's not much doubt hell has been very grossly maligned; but that it is the real thing there can scarcely be much doubt, we believe, considering all the evidence. Besides our endeavor to draw a Scriptural argument, running through H. C. V.'s article is a line of special pleading. He forgets that there are striking allusions in the Old Testament to a place of punishment of the ungodly—all the more impressive because of their solitariness. We believe in equal rights for woman, but not in identical rights, unless she can prove identical personality. If woman is superior to man in the domestic sphere, it does not seem impossible that man may prove superior in the political sphere.

There is tremendous need of moral uplift in government. We believe this will come through the education of the nation's moral purpose and through the sincere authoritative declaration of the nation's enlightened moral purpose expressed in fundamental law.—The Country Bard.

### A DAM WORTH MENTIONING

I am a girl 16 years old, who reads the Peace Page every week and I am sure none of you enjoy it more than I do.

I live on a farm of eighty acres in the western part of Illinois, about 30 miles southeast of the Keokuk-Hamilton water power dam. This dam is noted for being the largest electric power plant in the world. It is now almost completed.

Girl from Pennsylvania, I think it much nicer to joyride in an auto than to go horseback riding. My hobby is music and books. I also play the piano. How many read the stories in the Blade? I enjoy them very much.

We have a gasoline engine to pump water and wash with. We have the hot and cold water system in our house, all of which makes work easy and a pleasure.

Let us hear from more western girls and boys, of the beautiful scenery.—A. T., Illinois.

### A NEWCOMER

I live in the Little Kanawha Valley, on a small farm, and near a village called Industry. One can see from where we live almost numberless oil derricks, and can hear a constant ring of the tool dresser's hammer day and night. This oil field is near the town of Hartley, W. Va., my P. O. I live with my mother and one brother. Father died two years ago. Now, I am only introducing myself. Will write a more descriptive letter later on, if it will meet with the approbation of the many readers of this page.—F. T. C., W. Va.

We shall be glad of the descriptive letter.—M. H.

### A STROLL IN MOSSY OREGON

This beautiful autumn day finds me taking a stroll beside the swift flowing river and gathering mosses on the rocky cliffs that overhang the river. The cliffs are about one hundred feet perpendicular, with here and there a foothold, that, if one is careful, they can reach the river without following the path. On these cliffs, so seldom trod, one can find the most beautiful ferns, dainty maidenhair, licorice ferns and others, and there is a profusion of beautiful mosses so green and damp, dripping with moisture that is constantly falling from springs higher up the ledges. There are but few rocks visible, as they are all covered with mosses of so many kinds. I have gathered eighty-five different species. A few giant firs and some shrubs have found rott hold in these rocky cliffs, and how they grow in such a situation seems a mystery. These trees and shrubs are also moss covered, and in the moss on many of the maple trees are found growing the beautiful licorice fern; some are twenty or thirty feet from the ground and look so graceful swaying in the breeze among the mosses, and so far above my head. Across the river is a forest of fir and pine and just a few maple, here and there, that gives a touch of reds, brown and gold to the evergreen timber. Even on these forest trees are to be found many mosses, so there is no wonder that Oregon is called the mossy state. As I stand gazing at the beauties around me, these lines from Longfellow flash into my mind:

I hear the wind among the trees,
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent
Like keys of some great instrument.
And over me enrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon.

—Laurelle, of Oregon.

Knicker—"Life is hard."

Bocker—"Yes; by the time your mother stops forbidding you to eat jam, the doctor begins."


# DOCTORS DID NOT HELP HER

**But Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Mrs. LeClear's Health—Her Own Statement.**

Detroit, Mich.—"I am glad to discover a remedy that relieves me from my suffering and pains. For two years I suffered bearing down pains and got all run down. I was under a nervous strain and could not sleep at night. I went to doctors here in the city but they did not do me any good.

"Seeing Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised, I tried it. My health improved wonderfully and I am now quite well again. No woman suffering from female ills will regret it if she takes this medicine."—Mrs. JAMES G. LECLEAR, 336 Hunt St., Detroit, Mich.

**Another Case.**

Philadelphia, Pa.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is all you claim it to be. About two or three days before my periods I would get bad backaches, then pains in right and left sides, and my head would ache. I called the doctor and he said I had organic inflammation. I went to him for a while but did not get well so I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking two bottles I was relieved and finally my troubles left me. I married and have two little girls. I have had no return of the old troubles."—Mrs. CHAS. BOELL, 2650 S. Chadwick St., Phila., Pa.


### A BOY'S THOUGHT

**When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully, the World, and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find it comes off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers.—O. W. Holmes, in the Atlantic Monthly.**

## HOUSEHOLD

Jodie of Tenn.—A decoction made of lady slipper root has been helpful in a number of cases like you described when taken in moderate quantities. I would be glad to have someone send me a copy of the Blade of about 10 or 12 months back. Would gladly refund postage. Address J. P. Pigott, Elkins, R. D. 2, W. Va.

Mrs. E. H., Ind., asks how to make hot dish mats. Take three strips of cloth, pleat them very tight; sew together in any shape you like.—Mrs. L. A. J.

Sandpaper is very good for dressing corns, far better than using a knife.

To keep the ordinary, cooked salad dressing from curdling, as it often does, heat the vinegar before pouring it into the other ingredients.

Will a Blade reader please send a receipt for Rochester Jelly Cake?—A Reader.

When drying fruit or sweet corn I always take the utmost pains to keep it covered from flies, and yet have been exceedingly annoyed to find the next year after it is dried white worms in it. I always keep the bag tied so closely that insects cannot get in, and keep in a close, dry closet. After discovering the worms I always get them all out then scald the fruit in a hot oven, then the next year, if there is any fruit left, the worms often get in again. Can any body suggest a remedy, and oblige?—Perplexed Housekeeper.

Here is a good recipe for Pumpkin pie: Take almost a gallon of pumpkin before cooked; cook well in plenty of water, season to taste with one teaspoon ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg; two tablespoons cornstarch mixed well in about 3 cups sugar; two eggs well beaten in a pint of milk. This will make four good sized pies.

## POETS' CORNER

### SHINE WHERE YOU ARE

Exchange.

Don't waste your time in longing
For bright, impossible things;
Don't sit supinely yearning
For the swiftness of angel wings;
Don't spurn to be a rushlight,
Because you are not a star;
But brighten some bit of darkness
By shining just where you are.

There is need of the tiniest candle,
As well as the garish sun;
The humblest deed is ennobled
When it is worthily done.
You may never be called to brighten
The darkened regions afar;
So fill, for the day, your mission
By shining just where you are.

Just where you are, my brother,
Just where God bids you stand,
Though down in the deepest shadow,
Instead of the sunlit land;
You may carry a brightness with you
That no gloom or darkness can mar,
For the light of a Christlike spirit
Will be shining wherever you are.

### OCTOBER'S TAPESTRY

Alice E. Allen, in October Lippincott's.

By the mountain stands October,
Like a weaver brown and old;
For his warp he uses sunbeams—
Threads of palpitating gold;
And the loom spreads out before him
Is the forest dim and green,
While his shuttle plying swiftly,
Is the wind of autumn keen.

For his woof he chooses colors—
Amethyst and purple lost
In the blue of smoke and shadows,
In the gray of early frost.
Vivid carmine, saffron, amber;
Faded tints the summer left;
Mauve and lilac softly blended—
All these form October's weft.

### THE DWADDLE-BUG

Exchange.

Did you ever hear of Dwaddle-bug?
It lives in a place that is warm and snug;
It never flies around, but creeps and crawls,
And on the sofa or hammock sprawls.
Listen! You'll hear its lazy hum:
"In a minute I'll come! In a minute I'll come!"

In the morning dressing there is a tug,
If a child has been stung by the Dwaddlebug;
Breakfast table will have to wait;
School bell rings for a boy that's late;
Unlearned lessons, a dunce cap tall,
And no time left for a game of ball.
Now, a cure for the sting of the Dwaddlebug
Lies neither in medicine, pill nor drug.
(Some say the oil of birch is good;
I haven't tried it, and never would);
But the poison can't in the system lurk
Of a boy who is brisk in his play and work.

### WINNING

It takes a little courage
And a little self-control,
An' some grim determination
If you want to reach a goal.
It takes a deal of striving,
And a firm and stern set chin,
No matter what the battle,
If you're really out to win.

There's no easy path to glory,
There's no rosy road to fame,
Life, however we may view it,
Is no simple parlor game;
But its prizes call for fighting
You endurance and for grit,
For a rugged disposition
And a "don't-know-when-to-quit."

You must take a blow or give one,
You must risk and you must lose,
And expect that in the struggle
You will suffer from a bruise.
But you mustn't wince or falter,
If a fight you once begin.
You must stick till it is ended
Or you cannot hope to win.

### WHAT DO THEY SAY?

Boston Herald.

What do the birdies say of you,
As they chatter upon the tree?
Do you think they are saying, "Those children there
Are as kind as they can be?"

What do the pussy cats say of you,
As they chat on the garden wall?
Are they saying, "Those children are very good;
They never throw a stone at all?"

What do your playmates say of you?
Are they saying, "They are so nice!
They never sulk or throw up a game,
Nor ask for the same 'turn' twice?"

What do your teachers say of you,
Do they say, "They learn so well!
They are never late, and they run at once
Whenever they hear my bell?"

If birds and pussies, and playmates, too,
And teachers and parents say
All this of you, I am sure
You are happy the livelong day.

### THE TWO SIDES OF IT

The Children's Friend.

There was a girl who always said
Her fate was very hard;
From the one thing she wanted most
She always was debarred.
There always was a cloudy spot
Somewhere within her sky;
Nothing was ever quite just right,
She used to say, and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,
Whose lot was quite the same,
Found something pleasant for herself
In every day that came.
Of course things tangled up sometimes
For just a little while;
But nothing ever stayed all wrong,
She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled
Through all their lives together.
It didn't come from luck or fate,
From clear or cloudy weather.
The reason lay within their hearts,
And colored all outside;
One chose to hope, and one to mope,
And so they smiled and sighed.

### FRET NOT THYSELF

O, fret not for tomorrow,
Bid farewell to care and sorrow,
Let no future evil borrow
The joys of today!
Bright smiles, hearts of youth are keeping,
Bright eyes soonest fade with weeping,
Old age softly on is creeping,
Then sing while we may!

Let no thoughts ever move us,
The rainbow of peace above us,
Proclaims there is One to love us
And make us His care.
Bright skies beaming kindly o'er us,
Bright days gliding on before us,
We'll join in the happy chorus
That swells on the air.

### BABES IN THE WOOD

My dear, do you know,
How, a long time ago,
Two poor little children . .
Whose names I do not know,
Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight!
The sun it went down
And the moon gave no light!
They sobbed and they sighed
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things
They lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red,
Brought strawberry leaves
And over them spread,
And all the day long
They sang them this song:
"Poor babes in the wood!
Poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember
The babes in the wood!

### ALONG THE ROAD

The Century.

I walked a mile with Pleasure,
She chattered all the way,
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,
And ne'er a word said she;
But, oh, the things I learned from her
When Sorrow walked with me!

### THE GIRL I LOVED IN SUNNY TENNESSEE

On a morning bright and clear, to my old home I drew near,
Just a village down in sunny Tennessee;
I was speeding on a train that would take me back again
To my sweetheart who was waiting there for me;
It was but a few short years since I'd kissed away her tears,
And I left her at my dear old mother's side;
And each day we've been apart she's grown dearer to my heart,
Than the night I asked of her to be my bride.

Refrain.

We could hear the darkies singing, as she said farewell to me;
Far across the fields of cotton my old homestead I could see;
When the moon rose in its glory, then I told life's sweetest story,
To the girl I loved in sunny Tennessee.

As the train drew up at last, old familiar scenes I pass'd;
And I kissed my mother at the station door;
But as old friends gathered round, tears on ev'ry face I found,
And I missed the one that I'd been looking for
And whisper'd "Mother, dear, where is Mary She's not here!"
All the world seem'd lost and sadness came to me;
For she pointed to a spot in the churchyard's little lot,
Where my sweetheart sleeps in sunny Tennessee.

### LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

James Whitcomb Riley.

"When o'er the fair name of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of blame or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

"Forget not that no fellow being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

"No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified
If something good be said.

"And so I charge ye: by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Savior bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said."

### HOW MY BOY WENT DOWN

Exchange.

It was not on the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea,
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me.
'Twas the death in the tempting wine-cup
That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood
To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to a worthless being,
From the hope of what might have been.
For the brand of a beast besotted
He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story
That mothers so often tell,
With accents of infinite sadnesss
Like the tones of a funeral bell.
But I never once thought when I heard it,
I should learn all its meaning myself;
I thought he'd be true to his mother;
I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for hopes, all delusion!
Alas for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe when danger
Is open on every side
Can nothing destroy this great evell,
No bar in its pathway be thrown,
To save from the terrible maelstrom
The thousands of boys going down?

### THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

Ballard McDonald.

On a mountain in Virginia stands a lonesome pine;
Just below is the cabin home of a little girl of mine.
Her name is June and very, very soon, she'll belong to me,
For I know she's waiting there for me 'neath that lonesome pine tree.

Refrain.

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia,
On the trail of the lonesome pine,
In the pale moon-shine our hearts entwine,
Where she carved her name and I carved mine;
Oh, June, like the mountains I'm blue,
Like the pine I am lonesome for you,
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virgina,
On the trail of the lonesome pine.

I can hear the tinkling waterfall, far among the hills,
Bluebirds sing, each so merrily to his mate in rapture trills;
They seem to say "Your June is lonesome, too,"
Longing fills her eyes,
She is waiting for you where the pine tree sighs.

### PICTURES OF MEMORY

Alice Cary.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth the best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant ledge
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Nor for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that dim old forest
He lieth in peace, asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the treetops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

### YOUTH

By Theodosia Garrison in Everybody's.

What do they know of youth who still are young?
They but the singers of a golden song.
Who may not guess its worth or wonder?—Few—
Like largesse to the throng.
We only—young no longer, old so long—
Before its harmonies stand marveling—
Oh, we who listen—never they who sing.

Not for itself is beauty but for us
Who gaze upon it with all reverent eyes;
And youth which sheds its glory luminous,
Gives ever in this wise:
Itself the joy it may not realize.
Only we know, who linger overlong,
Youth that is made of beauty and of song.

# Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

### DEATH VALLEY

I would appreciate very much a description of Death Valley.—W. W. K., Strawn, Pa.

Death Valley is a low desert in Ingo county, California, near the Nevada border. The name of this region was given by the survivor of an emigrant party of 30 who in 1849 or 1850, lost their way there and of whom, after enduring indescribable sufferings, 18 perished in the sands. This valley lies oblong from north to south. Its length is about 50 miles; width about 35; surface 210 feet lower than that of the ocean. The Panimint mountains shut out from it the moist winds of the Pacific. The volvanic ranges surrounding the valley furnish it with borax. It is a long, gray, waste desert in which are narrow bands of white made by thin deposits of borax. The Amargosa river flows through part of the valley. It is a sluggish, dead stream, the water of which is rapidly evaporated before it can enter the desert valley very far. At times in the summer the heat registers 137 degrees F. A sand storm playing in Death Valley is a wonderful sight, sand augurs rise like slender stems, reaching up into the burning atmosphere for thousands of feet and terminating in a bushy cloud. They travel here and there and gradually fade from sight. Crows, coyotes, buzzards, horned toads, rattle snakes, mice and mountain rats and a few jcakrabbits are seen in the valley. The only humnas who live in the region are a few miners in the Funeral, Calico and Panimint mountains, some roving bands of Piute Indians and a few squaw men owning cattle and horses.

### 1912 ELECTION

Please give the number of votes each candidate received in the 1912 election.—W. G. M., Steubenville, Ohio.

The popular vote was: Woodrow Wilson, 6,293,120; William H. Taft, 3,-285,082; Theodore Roosevelt, 4,119,582; Eugene V. Debs, 901,839; Eugene W. Chafin, 206,427.

The electoral vote was: Wilson, 435; Roosevelt, 88; Taft, 8.

### CARNEGIE FOUNDATION

Please give some information about the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.—J. W. B., Waverly, Ohio.

This is an institution founded by Andrew Carnegie in 1905, and incorporated by the United States Congress in 1906. The institution is endowed with $14,000,000, and its primary purpose is to provide retiring allowances for teachers and officers of colleges, universities and technical schools in the United States, Canada and, in general, of advancing the profession of the teacher and the cause of higher education. By the sixth annual meeting of the trustees in 1911, 300 allowances were being paid to teachers, and 73 pensions to widows of teachers, at an annual cost of $553,-665. The amount of the average retiring allowance is $1,628.41, the average age of retirement being about 70 years.

In the administration of its endowment, the Foundation has restricted its allowances to professors and officers in a list of 72 institutions selected for their educational standing, and has published a series of widely influential reports concerning educational conditions. The president is Dr. Henry S. Pritchett; secretary, Clyde Furst; address, 576 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

### CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOLIC DRINKS

Kindly give the consumption of alcoholic drinks in the United States for the past ten years.—W. B. Y., Anderson, Cal.

In 1901, 1,390,127,379 gallons of spirits, malt liquors, and wines were consumed in the United States; 1902, 1,539,081,991 gallons; 1903, 1,605,-851,455; 1904, 1,658,609,958; in 1905, 1,694,392,765; in 1906, 1,874,225,409; in 1907, 2,019,690,911; in 1908, 2,006,-233,408; in 1909, 1,935,544,001; in 1910, 2,045,427,018; in 1911, 2,169,-356,695. There are no statistics at hand giving the consumption for 1912, but there was another increase.

### THE KREMLIN

I would like to have a description of the Kremlin, situated in the city of Moscow, given in the Question Bureau.—M. C. M., Newark, Ohio.

The Kremlin forms the center of the city of Moscow and in it are found the principal civil and ecclesiastical buildings. In the first place is to be seen the Great Palace, a lofty building in a mixed style of architecture, erected in 1838-39, having the treasury, forming a sort of wing on the right, while also connected with it is the Terem or old palace of the czars, belonging to the 16th and 17th centuries. The Cathedral Square, on the summit of the Kremlin contains the Cathedral of Assumption in which the emperors are crowned, built in 1475; another cathedral here is that of the Archangel Michael, founded in 1333 and rebuilt in 1505, containing the tombs of many czars down to Peter the Great; a third is the Cathedral of the Annunciation, founded in 1397. The arsenal is an immense building lining one side of the northern angle of the Kremlin, the opposite side being occupied by the senate. The chief attraction is the upper story of the treasury, containing the crowns of the early czars, several thrones, warlike trophies and miscellaneous curiosities. Near the center of the buildings of the Kremlin is the tower of Ivan the Great, which rises to the height of 300 feet, contains numerous bells and is surmounted by a gilded dome on which the cross is displayed above the crescent. The great Czar Kolowol, or king of bells, the largest in the world, stands at the bottom of the tower on a granite pedestal. The Kremlin also contains a bronze statue of Alexander II.

### CHARLES JAMES LEVER

Please give a brief sketch of the life of Charles J. Lever and also the titles of the books he wrote.—L. A. C., Manila, P. I.

Charles James Lever, the Irish novelist, was born in Dublin, August 31, 1806, and died at Triesse, Austria, June 1, 1872. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and after studying medicine, portly at Gottingen, he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Medicine from Trinity College in 1831.

During the prevalence of cholera in 1832 he gained considerable reputation for his skill and devotion in the treatment of that disease. In March, 1834, he contributed his first paper to the new "Dublin University Magazine," of which he was editor from 1842 to 1845. The first chapter of "Harry Lorrequer," a designation which he afterward made famous as his non de plume, appeared in the February number for 1837. He removed to Florence in 1847, where he held a diplomatic position, was English consul at Spezzia in 1858 and at Trieste from 1867 to 1872. He published: "Harry Lorrequer," "Charles O'Malley," "Tom Burke of Ours," "Jack Hinton," "Arthur O'Leary," "Ro and Cashel," "The Bramlights of Bishop's Folly," "Lord Kilgobbin," etc.

In the "Stories of Famous Novels" in the Weekly Blade of July 24, a sketch of the story of "Charles O'Malley" appeared.

### DARWINISM

Will you kindly give an explanation of certain theories advanced by Charles Darwin and known as Darwinism.—A. F., Conneautville, Pa.

Darwinism is one portion or aspect of organic evolution. Organic evolution teaches that all living forms have descended by variation from a smaller number of more primitive original forms, while Darwinism is an attempt to explain one part of that process. According to Darwin the existence of variation is admitted without much reference to its causes. His great principle is what he has called "natural selection," and what Herbert Spencer aptly termed the "survival of the fittest." In originating new varieties of plants or new breeds of animals the farmer exercises an artificial selection. He takes those individuals which present variations in some desired line and uses these for reproduction; with the next generation a similar selection is made and so on until the result is far different from the present stock. Darwin maintained that a somewhat similar, though not intelligent selection occurs in nature, those individuals which present some variation which better fits them to their surroundings being apt to survive than their less favored relatives. The rate of reproduction of any organism is so rapid that were it not checked it would soon completely fill the earth. There is consequently a struggle for existence, not only between individuals of the same species, but between different species as well, and in this struggle the fittest must, as a rule, survive. Thus nature exercises a selection, and, like the breeder, originates new varieties. The same process carried further produces wider divergences from the parent stock until at last new species and higher groups are differentiated.

### SAMUEL DAVIS

I would like to have a biography of Samuel Davis.—F. H., Hillsdale, Mich.

Samuel Davis, the Confederate scout, was born near Smyrna, Tennessee, October 6, 1844, son of Charles L. Davis. His father was a farmer and the boy had the hard labor and little pleasure of most farmer's sons and had no opportunity to acquire a liberal education. With enthusiasm he imbibed the political theory of states' rights which led him to join the confederacy, after Tennessee had passed the ordinance of secession. He went to Murfreesboro, where he joined Captain Ledbetter's company of Rutherford Rifles and a few days later it was incorporated into the first Tennessee infantry. With this regiment Davis served through the campaigns of West Virginia and in most of the engagements under General Bragg in Tennessee. He was soon detailed to Coleman's Scouts, commanded by Captain H. B. Shaw. It was probable that General Bragg planned a northwesterly movement to the Ohio and it was necessary for him to obtain information about the Union fortifications. These documents were to be given by an officer in the U. S. Engineer department, but they were stolen by a negro and given to Capt. Shaw. Young Davis was chosen to receive these papers from Captain Shaw and to deliver them to General Bragg, but on November 20, 1863 he was captured by Federals, tried as a spy by court martial and condemned to death by hanging. An effort was made to get him to reveal the name of the Union officer, but he refused to do this and was hung November 23, 1863.

### MISCELLANEOUS

S. J., Clay City, Ills.—An article on the origin of Thanksgiving Day was published in the bureau of August 21, 1913.

A. P. Taylor, Wis.—Ships passing through the Panama canal will be towed by electric locomotives.

**Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.**

**COLDS** Lead to serious complications. You will find quick and permanent relief by using Royal Cold Tablets. Write for free samples and literature. Royal Chemical Co., Logan, Ohio.

**PARALYSIS** Conquered at last. Write for proof of cures. Advice free. Dr. Chase's Blood and Nerve Tablets does it. Dr. Chase, 224 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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**WRITE ME AND I WILL TELL YOU.**

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**About Your Own Vigor**

**SENT FREE TO MEN**

MR. READER:

Here is something I have to offer you absolutely for nothing—a little private book of special information about the legitimate uses and unnatural abuses of manly vigor; about the preservation of manly strength and its possible self-restoration; an illustrated pocket compendium of 8,000 words, 72 pages and 30 half-tone photograph reproductions—which I am very pleased to send by mail, absolutely free of charge, in a plain sealed envelope, to any man, young or elderly, single or married, who writes for it.

Over a million of these books have been thus sent to aplicants all over the world since my free offer first appeared. Publishers are charging as much as $2 for books on sex subjects, while my book is free. Therefore, reader, if you would like a great fund of inside information relating directly to the subject of manly vigor, all put in perfectly plain, easy-to-read language, with many hints that you can surely apply to your own self, no matter how strong you may be, or how nervous or rundown you may be—if you want to know the facts about this particular subject, given to you without a single scare, then fill in the coupon below, send to me and receive my book, sealed, by return mail. In one part of this little publication I describe a mechanical invention of my own, which I call the SANDEN vitalizer, something you wear at night as an aid to the restoration of lost or waning strength; but you are not expected to get one of these appliances unless you decide for yourself that you want one. The book is complete, and there is absolutely nothing you are required to buy or pay, either now or in the future. Therefore, please send your name and address today.

SANDEN, Author.

MANHOOD! The quality which rules the world today. My friend, there never was a time in the history of the human race when real, sturdy manhood, manly vigor and manly courage counted for as much as they do now, this very minute. No matter what your years, whether you are 20 or 60, you must be either entirely in the race or entirely out of it. It is invariably the fellow who proves up strongest in this human strength that forges to the front, while weaklings stand aside; it is he also who is in most demand and most sought after by women and men of his community, simply because he radiates that marvelous magnetic influence which only an abundant vigor and rugged manly strength can radiate. I believe any man can begin to completely develop or restore this same vigor or manly

MANHOOD WINS IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE

strength, no matter what his past follies may have been, provided he is willing to REALLY MAKE THE EFFORT; and provided, of course, he is not weighed down by extreme old age or is not incurably diseased. To my mind the road of the one who wants more vigor is perfectly plain, but it is a road that any man MUST travel if he attains the highest ideals in respect to his own manhood. See information in my free book.

As to the SANDEN Vitalizer, previously mentioned, will say it is a little mechanical appliance, weighing but a few ounces, which you wear at night. The Vitalizer generates and sends forth a certain soft, penetrating force which I call Vitality. It drives this Vitality into your nerves, blood, muscles and organs as you sleep. It is quieting to the nervous system—or, at least, users say so. Men write that it takes pain out of the back often at once and restores vitality in 90 days. Remember, the general information of the free book is independent of this Vitalizer, and you are not expected to get one of these little appliances unless you want to. You can write me later as to what you so desire. With special attachments, my Vitalizer is used by women as well as men for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc. If you live in or near this city I should be most pleased to have you call in person at my office where you may see and test the Vitalizer free of charge. Hours—9 to 6; Sundays, 10 to 1. Or if inconvenient to call, do not fail to write for the free booklet.

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If you live too far to call, or if you cannot call, please fill in the coupon below and send it to me. You will receive free, sealed, by return mail, my 72-page illustrated book, containing 8,000 words, a complete compendium of useful information for men, young or elderly, single or married, who want the truth about the subject of vital strength, its preservation, its possible self-restoration and its legitimate uses and wanton abuses. You get it all free.

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# CHURCHMEN IN SPLIT ON LIQUOR

## Disagreement Looms in National Council of Congregational Churches.

Kansas City, Oct. 23.—Disagreement on the temperance question loomed at the national council of the Congregational churches here today when Gov. Simeon Baldwin, of Connecticut, announced himself as opposed to the recommendations of the committee on temperance for an amendment to the federal constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor within the United States.

Gov. Baldwin is said to have a substantial following. "Such a change," said the governor, "would be contrary to the whole spirit of our government which was to have a central power, but limited in its sphere of influence. It was intended to leave the relations of man to man to be settled mainly by the several states, each for it elf. Besides, a nation-wide prohibitory law could not be enforced in the large cities. It would provoke breaches of the law as unfortunate as they are inevitable."

The national council held but a short session this morning. At the meeting of the Home Missionary Society most of the speakers dwelt on the spectacle of the church drifting away from the common people, and catering to the rich. In this connection the delegates were warned that the future success of the church depended on a revival of interest by the working man and his family.

"The church must get back to the needs of the plain people or quit" declared Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, O., former moderator.

**A PROVEN REMEDY FOR ASTHMA**

sent by express to any sufferer on Free Trial. If satisfied with it, send $1.00; if not, you owe us nothing—Rev. John Gimson, Rariton, Ill., writes, "It cured me in 1907 and I have had no attack since." Write today for the Free Trial bottle, giving express office.

**W. K. STERLINE, 631 POPLAR ST., SIDNEY, O.**

# WANTS 'PHONES MANAGED BY U. S.

## Congressman Would Add Them to Postoffice Department.

Washington, Oct. 22.—David John Lewis is a member of congress from the Sixth district of Maryland. He was born in Pennsylvania, and is the son of an immigrant Welshman. He began work in a coal mine when he was nine years of age, and he is now approaching 45. He learned to read at Sunday school. He continued at mining until he was 23 years old, in 1892, when he was admitted to the bar in Allegheny county, having fitted himself for his profession while pursuing his occupation as a coal miner.

In 1901 he was elected to the state senate of Maryland and he is now serving his second term in congress. He is chairman of the house committee on labor.

Just at this time he is of special interest because he is the man more responsible than any other for the proposition that the government acquire the ownership and management of the telephonic systems of the country and operate this business as a part of the postal system under the direction of the postmaster general. The President has never known any one who was more of a genius in assembling facts than Mr. Lewis, nor any one who was more lucid in explanation of the economic bearing of the information so obtained.

### Phone Ownership Planned.

Mr. Lewis is not ready to make a complete statement of the facts he has gathered and he is not yet determined as to the precise terms in which he will seek to provide the necessary legislation to carry out the purpose he has in view; but he talked yesterday in general terms saying substantially this:

"I have been working on this problem since March. I have collected a great mass of information bearing on the subject, but I am not yet ready to give out the information I have obtained, as I must verify all my figures and have all the facts fully in hand before I state my conclusions. But the facts are here in this book. I want to be absolutely sure of my ground before taking any steps. It is a stupendous undertaking and I have studied it for six months. I wake up at night to think it over. I believe that the telephone business of the country can be done better and more cheaply by the postoffice department and as a part of the postal system than it has been done or can be done by private corporations.

### Control and Finance.

"The two principal things to be settled are the method of accomplishing this result and the best means of financing the matter. In all civilized countries of the world the telephone system, and in some of them both the telephone and telegraph systems, is owned and operated by the government as adjuncts of the postal systems for the purpose of extending the means of ready communication among the people. In these countries government ownership and management have proved to be of advantage to the public, and in the United States a like conversion of the telephonic system to postal uses would be of advantage to the public, in my opinion. The task of proving this, not in a blind sort of way, but with all the facts available, is what I have set out to do. I hope to have all the facts in shape and to be able to make a complete statement of the plan I shall propose in about a month's time.

"How the government would obtain possession of the telephonic systems of the country, whether or not it would be best for the government to obtain the ownership and management of all the telephonic systems, or only those of the interurban class, leaving the several communities to deal with the local systems as a feature of corporate or municipal management—these and many other points are to be settled before determining the terms of the bill. These are matters of detail, however. The idea of government ownership of this great public utility as a part of the postal system is not a new one by any means; but it is a very live one and can be dealt with safely only upon full information.

### Plan of Procedure.

"If it can be determined that the government shall take over the entire network of telephone systems in the country, the plan would be, I should say, by condemnation proceedings common in such cases, and having decided to take over these systems it will be necessary then to provide for the financing of the enterprise. How this can be done best is a difficult problem, of course, but not more difficult than important to the public welfare. There would have to be, first, an appraisal of the value of the existing systems, and this work is being done now by the Interstate Commerce Commission, not as a part of the plans I have in view, but as an independent and specific inquiry made in large degree necessary by the physical valuation of the railways which the commission is required to make.

"The suggestion of $900,000,000 as the value at which the telephone systems could be acquired by the government is based, doubtless, on the present stock and bonded indebtedness of these systems; but whether or not that is a fair valuation is one of the questions that will have to be determined by government appraisal. There is absolutely no thought of confiscating any of the property of the telephonic systems, but, rather, a disposition to pay what they are worth. There is a belief that the government could manage the telephone service better and more cheaply than it has been managed by private owners, and with very distinct advantage to the people. Wait about a month and you shall see what the plan is in all its features and why it would be a good thing for the country."

## HIDE PRETTY ANKLES IN COURT

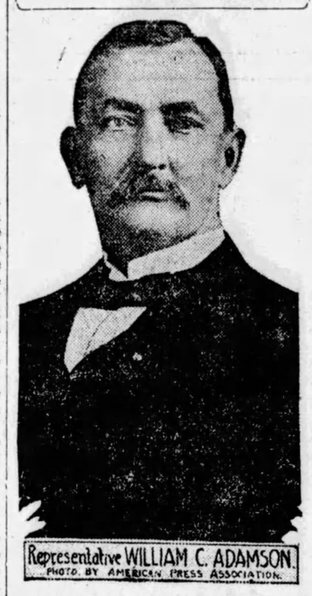
### Los Angeles Judge Doesn't Want Verdicts Affected.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 25.—The shapely curve of the ankles of women witnesses is not going to influence any verdcits in Superior Judge Jackson's court, not if the judge can help it.

The judge today ordered constructed a new stand, closed on both ends and the front and open behind so the witnesses can place their feet underneath and out of view.

"A handsome woman often gets a verdict when if her charm was less she might not get it," the court observed.

## Leads Fight Against Free Use of Canal



Representative WILLIAM C. ADAMSON.
PHOTO BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Washington, Oct. 23.—Representative William C. Adamson, of Georgia, who was chairman of the house committee on interstate and foreign commerce in the last congress and will be re-elected to that position when the house assembles for the regular session in December, has announced that he would introduce a resolution to suspend the provision of the Panama canal act permitting coastwise vessels of American register to pass through the canal without payment of tolls.

This announcement is the first positive indication of President Wilson's attitude toward the free tolls provision. Although Mr. Adamson did not say so, it is taken for granted that he will present his resolution at the instance of Mr. Wilson, with whom he has had several conferences lately.

## UNCLE SAM OWNS SALOONS

### Rents Buildings to Men Who Sell Liquor.

Washington, Oct. 22.—Uncle Sam as a saloonkeeper has drawn the fire of the Anti-Saloon League and Secretary McAdoo is the target at which the fulminations of the white ribboners are being hurled. The government owns a large block of property just south of the treasury, on which it is proposed to erect homes for the departments of state, justice and possibly one other. In the territory, which is occupied by business buildings, are three saloons. All of the tenants rent for the month from the government.

"Heavens! Cried the Anti-Saloon League officials, when they discovered this fact, "this is a crime and a stain on good citizenship!"

Whereupon they took up the matter with the secretary of the treasury. Mr. McAdoo today wore a furtive look.

## BY POST FOR POST MORTEM

### Man's Stomach Sent by Mail to the Coroner.

Peoria, Ill., Oct. 23.—The stomach of Albert Mansfield, wealthy Princeton, Ill., man who died under mysterious circumstances, was sent to Coroner Eckert by parcel post.

# ASK CO-OPERATION MARKETING FOOD

## Bureau of Markets Now Studying Situation in United States.

Washington, Oct. 21.—Increasing attention to the subject of co-operation is being given by the federal government. The department of agriculture is studying the subject with especial reference to the marketing of agricultural products and the use of such produce by consumers.

In this connection a consular report says the world-wide spread of the co-operative movement was illustrated at the ninth international congress on co-operation, that was held recently in Glasgow, Scotland. At this congress were present delegates drawn from 24 nations and representating more than 20,000,000 members of 130,000 co-operative societies. France, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland each sent 100 delegates, and others attended from the United States, Russia, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, Spain, Italy, the Balkans and Portugal.

### Increases Expenses.

The evils of the present system of distribution, with its multiplication of expenses, were discussed. Amalgamation was suggested as the most effective remedy. The elimination of unnecessary middlemen was also a leading topic, and the development of the co-operative press as a means of propagating the principles of co-operation.

The figures as to the enormous extent of the co-operative movement seem at first remarkable, but as a matter of fact the extent of co-operation in the United States is something little comprehended. The bureau of markets of the department of agriculture has been studying the plan as worked abroad, and finds the principle being widely applied in this country in the marketing of agricultural produce and otherwise.

### Many Societies Now Exist.

One reason why this is not always understood is that in many cases concerns organized as stock companies are in reality co-operative. The co-operative creamery is common in Indiana and other dairy states. The statistics show there are 2,500 such creameries in the country. The co-operative elevator is likewise common. About 3,000 of these exist.

Of course, there is only a small amount of co-operation compared to what might be worked out. And it is going to be the business of the bureau of markets to encourage formation of societies for co-operation by sellers of food products and by consumers of food products, thus tending to eliminate the middleman. The office of markets will even go to the point of establishing typical co-operative organizations.

## ZINNER'S COMET OBSERVED

### German Scientist Reports Seeing It From Kiel.

Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 25.—A cablegram announcing an observation of Zinner's comet by Hartwig at Kiel, has been received at the Harvard College observatory. The comet had a small tail and was visible in a small telescope.

Its position on October 23, .3022, Greenwich meridian time, was right ascension 18 hours 41 minutes 34.3 seconds, declination minus 4 degrees 32 minutes 38 seconds.

# THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

**Monday, October 20.**

SENATE—Senator Bacon forced an executive session when Senator Burton moved to investigate the appointment of a postmaster at Salem, O., Republicans charging a political deal. The banking and currency committee continued hearings on the administration currency bill, with Victor Morawitz, of New York, on the stand.

HOUSE—President Wilson's letter to Representative Underwood, in which the President predicted harmonious action on the currency bill in November, was incorporated in the Congressional Record. Republican Leader Mann continued to object to requests for leave of absence.

**Tuesday, October 21.**

SENATE—Consideration of the seamen's bill was continued with Senator La Follette speaking in advocacy of his substitute. Leaders on both sides assailed lack of attendance and telegraphic orders were sent to all absentees to return to Washington. Banking and currency committee continued hearings on the administration bill, President Gilbert, of Fulton Market National Bank, of New York, being the chief witness.

HOUSE—Republican leader Mann objected to a recess while the senate completes the currency bill.

**Wednesday, October 22.**

SENATE—Senator Ashurst presided in the absence of Vice President Marshall and President Pro Tem. Clarke. Consideration of seamen's servitude bill went over until today. Nominations considered in executive session.

HOUSE—Adjourned to noon Thursday without transacting any business.

**Thursday, October 23.**

SENATE—Met at noon under an agreement to vote today on the seaman's bill. Banking committee continued hearings.

HOUSE—Met at noon. Adjourned at 12:43 p. m. without transacting any business, to noon Friday.

**Friday, October 24.**

SENATE—Not in session; meets Monday. Banking committee continued hearings.

HOUSE—Met at noon; transacted no business and adjourned to noon Monday.

## GAVE ALL AWAY, STARTS NEW

### Made Pauper by Philanthropy He Begins Again.

New York, Oct. 23.—Made a pauper by philanthropy, Reed B. Freeman, owner of the Binghamton factory where 30 girls were killed by fire last summer, began life anew today at the age of 66 as a commission merchant, with a little office in the New York Life building.

Optimistic and smiling, Mr. Freeman declares he looks forward with confidence to a second prosperity built upon 50 years' experience in the wholesale clothing trade.

As soon as his income warrants it he will send to Binghamton for his wife and "baby," a little girl of nine, and they will make a home in East Orange.

For 30 years Mr. Freeman gave away in various charities the profits he made in his factory—reaching into the hundred thousands.

The fire that cost the lives of many workers of long and faithful service and wiped out the labors of a lifetime was caused by a cigarette or match tossed into some scraps of plush. The owner of the factory himself never "learned to smoke."

**Smoke of Herbs For Catarrh**

**A Simple, Pleasant, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.**

This preparation of herbs, flowers and seeds (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or cigarette. Simply draw the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhale into the lungs, and send it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way.

It is not unpleasant, is harmless and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy, antiseptic smoking remedy goes to the affected air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the usual treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and cannot reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches, you are given to hawking or spitting, you should try this smoking remedy.

A free trial package, together with an illustrated booklet, which goes thoroughly into the whole question of catarrh will be sent you by Dr. J. W. Bloser, 1284 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga. This trial will demonstrate to you that it is an exceptional remedy, and as it only costs $1.00 for a full size box, is within the reach of everyone. Send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

**Stop Using a Truss**

**STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS** are the wonderful new treatment for rupture which has enabled thousands to successfully treat themselves in privacy of home. Not to be used forever, like the truss, but are intended to cure and thus do away with trusses; also made self-adhesive purposely to hold the out-of-place muscles secure.

FREE
STUARTS ADHESIVE
TRADE MARK
PLAPAO-PAD
THE ENTIRE INNER SURFACE OF THE PLAPAO-PAD IS MADE ADHESIVE FOR THE PURPOSE OF PREVENTING SLIPPING AND ALSO TO SECURE THE PLAPAO-PAD FIRMLY TO THE BODY—THUS AVOIDING CONTINUAL TREATMENT
PATD. APRIL 6 1909
TRIAL OF PLAPAO

NO STRAPS, BUCKLES OR SPRINGS ATTACHED cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the pubic bone. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive, no delay from work. Trial Plapao sent FREE. Write to Plapao Laboratories, Block 1[illegible] St. Louis, Mo.

## MRS. C. W. FAIRBANKS DIES

### Wife of Former Vice President Succumbs to Pneumonia.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 24.—Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks, wife of the former vice president, died at her home here this morning. The immediate cause of death was pneumonia. She is survived by her husband and five children, all of whom, except Frederick, who is on his way from California, were at her bedside.

Mrs. Fairbanks served two terms as president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was the daughter of Philander C. Cole, of Ohio. The children are: Adelaide, wife of Lieutenant John W. Timmerman, U. S. N.; Warren C., Frederick, Richard and Robert.

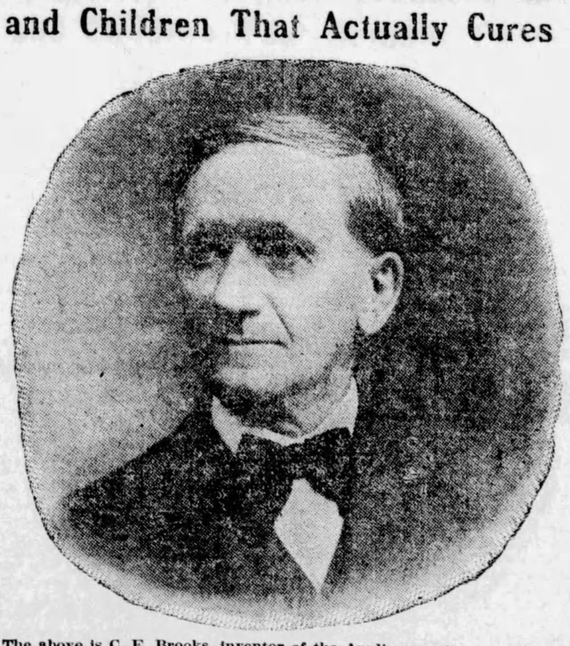
**A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent on Trial to Prove It**

**Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer**

**After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced an Appliance for Men, Women and Children That Actually Cures Rupture.**

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.



**The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience. If ruptured, write him today, at Marshall, Mich.**

**PENNSYLVANIA MAN THANKFUL**

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—

Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times did not know I had it on. It just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON,
80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

**CONFEDERATE VETERAN CURED**

Commerce, Ga., R. F. D. No. 11.
Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—I am glad to tell you that I am now sound and well and can plough or do any heavy work. I can say your Appliance has effected a permanent cure. Before getting your Appliance I was in a terrible condition and had given up all hope of ever being any better. If it hadn't been for your Appliance I would never have been cured. I am sixty-eight years old and served three years in Eckle's Artillery, Oglethorpe Co. I hope God will reward you for the good you are doing for suffering humanity.

Yours sincerely,
H. D. BANKS.

**Others Failed But the Appliance Cured.**

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—

Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy, and more, for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all, although it cured him 3 months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried several other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you.

Yours respectfully,
WM. PATTERSON.
No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, O.

**Cured at the Age of 76**

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir—

I began using your Appliance for the cure of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which, considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable. Very sincerely yours, SAM A. HOOVER.
High Point, N. C.

**Child Cured in Four Months**

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa.
Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.:

Dear Sir—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your appliance, and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly,
ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

**TEN REASONS WHY**

**You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance.**

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining a rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, will never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over three years of dealing with the public and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

**REMEMBER**

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

**Free Information Coupon**

**Mr. C. E. Brooks,**
**1982 State St., Marshall, Mich.**

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .....

City .....

R. F. D. ..... State .....

## THE MARKETS

Toledo, Oct. 27.—There was a wild opening in wheat today. Liverpool was exceptionally strong on smaller Canadian shipments and the seriousness of the drought situation in India. Chicago came much higher at the opening. Northwest receipts for the two days were much larger than a year ago, but disappointing in view of the big crop. World's shipments this week show a falling off of a million bushels. Toledo receipts were exceedingly small. Local stocks show an increase. Cash wheat opened ¼c up to 92c. December was up a like amount to 93¼c. May was up ⅝c to 97⅝c.

| | Open. | High. | Low. | Close Oct. 27. | Close Oct. 25. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| Cash | 92 | 93¼ | 92 | 93¼ | 91¾ |
| Dec. | 93¼ | 94⅜ | 93¼ | 94⅜ | 93 |
| May | 97⅜ | 98⅝ | 97⅜ | 98¾ | 97 |
| Corn— | | | | | |
| Cash | .... | .... | .... | 73¼ | 73¼ |
| Dec. | 70 | 70⅝ | 70 | 70⅜ | 69⅝ |
| May | 72¼ | 73 | 72¼ | 73 | 71⅞ |
| Oats— | | | | | |
| Cash | .... | .... | .... | 42½ | 42 |
| Dec. | 42 | 42⅝ | 42 | 42⅛ | 41⅝ |
| May | 45⅝ | 45⅞ | 45⅝ | 45⅝ | 45⅛ |
| Clover Seed— | | | | | |
| Prime | 7.92½ | 8.10 | 7.92½ | 8.10 | 7.90 |
| Oct. | 7.97½ | 8.05 | 7.97½ | 8.02½ | 7.90 |
| Dec. | 8.00 | 8.05 | 8.00 | 8.02½ | 7.90 |
| March | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Rye— | | | | | |
| No. 2 | .... | .... | .... | 67 | 67 |
| Alsike— | | | | | |
| Oct. | 11.00 | .... | .... | 11.00 | 11.00 |
| Dec. | 10.50 | .... | .... | 10.50 | 10.50 |
| March | 10.50 | .... | .... | 10.50 | 10.50 |
| Timothy— | | | | | |
| Old | 2.47½ | .... | .... | 2.52½ | 2.47½ |
| Nov. | 2.50 | .... | .... | 2.55 | 2.50 |
| Oct. | 2.50 | .... | .... | 2.55 | 2.50 |
| Dec. | 2.52½ | .... | .... | 2.65 | 2.52½ |
| Feb. | 2.65 | .... | .... | 2.72½ | 2.65 |
| March | 2.67½ | .... | .... | 2.75 | 2.67½ |

CHICAGO.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| Dec. | 84¼ | 85⅝ | 84¼ | 85½ | 83⅞ |
| May | 89¾ | 90½ | 89⅞ | 90⅝ | 88⅞ |
| Corn— | | | | | |
| Dec. | 69 | 70 | 69 | 69⅞ | 68⅝ |
| May | 70½ | 71½ | 70½ | 71¼ | 70⅝ |
| Oats— | | | | | |
| Dec. | 39⅝ | 40 | 39½ | 39⅝ | 39¼ |
| May | 43⅞ | 43⅝ | 43⅜ | 43¾ | 42⅞ |

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pork— | | | | | |
| Jan. | 19.97 | 20.25 | 19.97 | 20.12 | 19.87 |
| May | 20.12 | 20.35 | 20.12 | 20.25 | 20.00 |
| Lard— | | | | | |
| Oct. | .... | .... | .... | 10.70 | 10.60 |
| Jan. | 10.75 | 10.80 | 10.75 | 10.75 | 10.67 |
| May | 10.85 | 10.97 | 10.85 | 10.92 | 10.82 |
| Ribs— | | | | | |
| Oct. | 10.62 | 10.70 | 10.62 | 10.65 | 10.60 |
| Jan. | 10.62 | 10.72 | 10.62 | 10.67 | 10.55 |
| May | 10.77 | 10.87 | 10.77 | 10.82 | 10.70 |

NEW YORK.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| Dec. | .... | .... | .... | 94⅝ | 93⅝ |
| May | .... | .... | .... | 97⅝ | 86⅝ |

ST. LOUIS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| Dec. | .... | .... | .... | 88⅝ | 86⅝ |
| May | .... | .... | .... | 91¾ | 90⅝ |

MINNEAPOLIS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| Dec. | .... | .... | .... | 83 | 81¾ |
| May | .... | .... | .... | 88⅛ | 86¾ |

DULUTH.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| Dec. | .... | .... | .... | 84¼ | 82⅞ |
| May | .... | .... | .... | 88⅝ | 87 |

### New York Produce.

New York, Oct. 27.—Flour, quiet; spring patents, $4.30@4.50; winter straights, $4.10@4.20; winter patents, $4.40@4.60; spring clears, $4.00@4.20; extra No. 1 winter, $3.55@4.75; extra No. 2 winter, $3.30@3.50. Wheat—Strength at Liverpool was responsible for a fair advance in wheat; Dec., 93¾@93 13 16c. Pork, steady; mess, $23.75@24.25; family, $25.00@27.00; short clear, $20.75@21.50. Beef, quiet; mess, $17.50@18.50; family, $19.00@20.00. Lard, firm; middle feet, $10.80@10.90. Petroleum, steady; refined New York, bulk, $5.25. Molasses, steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 35@55c. Hay, quiet; standard, $1.02½@1.05; No. 1, $1.05@1.07½; No. 2, 95c@$1.00; No. 3, 85@90c. Hides, firm; Bogota, 32@33c; Central America, 32½c. Leather, firm; hemlock firsts, 29@30c; seconds, 26@28c. Raw sugar, firm; Muscovado, 2.98@3.48; centrifugal, 3.48@3.54c; molasses sugar, 2.73@2.78c; refined, steady; cut loaf, 5.20c; crushed, 5.10c; mould A, 4.75c; cubes, 4.50c; XXXX powdered, 4.40c; powdered, 4.35c; fine granulated, 4.25c; diamond A, 4.25c; confectioners A, 4.10c; No. 1, 4.15c.

Butter, irregular; creamery extras, 31½@32c; firsts, 28@30½c; seconds, 25@27c; thirds, 24@24½c; creamery, held, extras, 30@31c; firsts, 27½@29c; seconds, 25@27c; state dairy, best, 30@31c; good to prime, 27@29c; common to fair, 24@26c; process, extras, 28½@27c; factory, creamery, firsts, 25@26c; factory, June make, firsts, 24½c; factory, current make, firsts, 24c; seconds, 23@23½c; packing stock, June make, No. 1, 23½c; do, current make, No. 2, 21½@23c. Cheese, unsettled; receipts, 782 boxes; state, whole milk, white or colored, specials, 15½@15¾c; do, white or colored, average fancy, 15¾c; do, under grades, 12½@15c; state, whole milk, daisies, best, 16¼c; Wisconsin, whole milk, flats, best, 15¾c; do, twins, best, 15¾c; do, daisies, best, 16c; skims, 1½@12c.

Eggs firm; receipts, 6,488 cases; fresh gathered extras, 34@36c; extra firsts, 32@33c; firsts, 30@31c; seconds, 26@28c; thirds and poorer, 22@25c; fresh gathered dirties No. 1, 23@24c; do, No. 2 and poorer, 17@22c; fresh gathered checks, good to choice dry, 20@21c; do, undergrades, per case, $4.80@5.70; refrigerator, special marks, fancy, season's charges paid, 27½@28c; firsts, 26½@27c; seconds, 25@26c; do, near grades, 20@24c; do, dirties, 16@23c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery whites, fine to fancy, 50@55c; do, gathered whites, 50@55c; Western gathered whites, 32@45c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery browns, 35@42c; do, gathered browns and mixed colors, 30@37c. Dressed poultry steady; fresh killed western chickens, 14@23c; fowls, 13@15½c; turkeys, 22@26c.

### Cotton.

New York, Oct. 27.—Cotton futures opened steady; October, 12.43c; December, 13.10c; January, 13.33c; March, 13.78c; May, 13.77c; July, 13.63c.

Reports of local storms and a recurrence of freezing temperatures in parts of the western belt caused an opening advance of 1 to 7 points in the cotton market this morning, with December contracts making a higher record for the season. There was heavy realizing at the opening figures, and the market soon eased off to a net loss of 4 or 5 on active months. There seemed to be considerable southern selling and also local selling for a reaction on the ground that the bad weather news had been discounted. The market remained more or less unsettled during the entire morning, with active months selling about 6 to 10 points net lower, under continued realizing.

Estimated receipts today, 77,000 bales.

Detailed weather reports showing temperatures at the freezing point or under in many sections of Oklahoma and Texas caused a rally to about last night's closing figures, but prices eased off again under continued realizing and were about 5 to 8 points net lower during the early afternoon. Spot cotton quiet; middling uplands, 13.50c; gulf, 14.75c. Sales, 1,300 bales. Cotton futures closed firm; October, 14.13c; December, 13.46c; January, 13.75c; March, 13.73c; May, 13.72c; July, 13.61c.

### Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, Oct 27—Cattle—Receipts, 9,000; prime steers, $8.60@8.75; shipping, $7.75@8.50; butchers, $7.00@8.35; cows, $3.25@6.50; bulls, $5.00@7.00; heifers, $5.50@7.50; stock heifers, $4.75@5.25; stockers and feeders, $5.75@7.30; fresh cows and springers, $35.00@90.00. Veals—Receipts, 1,000; native, $6.00@9.00; Canada, $5.00@5.50. Hogs—Receipts, 22,500; heavy, $8.40@8.50; mixed, $8.40@8.45; Yorkers, $8.00@8.40; pigs, $7.75@8.00; roughs, $7.50@7.75; stags, $5.50@7.50; dairies, $8.25@8.40. Sheep—Receipts, 16,000; lambs, $5.00@7.35; yearlings, $4.50@6.00; wethers, $5.00@5.25; ewes, $2.50@4.75; sheep, mixed, $4.75@5.00.

### Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Oct. 27.—Hogs—Receipts, 35,000; steady; bulk of sales, $7.75@8.20; light, $7.55@8.25; mixed, $7.55@8.35; heavy, $7.50@8.35; rough, $7.45@7.60; pigs, $4.50@7.50. Cattle—Receipts, 34,000; weak; beeves, $6.70@9.70; Texas steers, $6.75@7.90; stockers and feeders, $5.70@7.60; cows and heifers, $3.40@8.30; calves, $8.50@10.25. Sheep—Receipts, 66,000; weak; native, $3.90@4.90; yearlings, $4.90@5.85; lambs, native, $5.80@7.45.

### Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Oct. 27.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000; steady; heavy steers, $8.50@9.00; fat steers, $8.10@8.40; fair steers, $6.30@6.65; heifers, $5.50@7.60; fat cows, $5.40@6.60; fair cows, $4.50@4.40; choice butcher bulls, $6.30@6.60; fresh cows, $70@90. Hogs—Receipts, 12,000; steady; prime heavies and heavy mixed, $8.40@8.45; mediums and heavy Yorkers, $8.25@8.30; light Yorkers, $8.00@8.10; pigs, $7.00@7.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 10,000; lower; prime wethers, $5.00; choice lambs, $7.25. Calves—Receipts, 600; steady; top, $11.50.

### Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Oct. 27.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,200; market 15@25c lower. Veal calves—Receipts, 200; market steady; good to choice, $11.00@11.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,400; market steady; choice spring lambs, $7.00@7.10. Hogs—Receipts, 5,000; market steady; heavies, mediums, Yorkers and light Yorkers, $8.25; pigs and roughs, $7.50; stags, $7.25.

## SCOUT KILLED IN ISLANDS

### Capt. Harry McElderry Died of Wounds.

Manila, Philippines, Oct. 25.—Captain Harry McElderry of the Thirteenth Company, Philippine scouts, died today from wounds received during a fight between the scouts and the Moros at Talipao on October 23.

A force of mounted constabulary, sent out in search of the body of the dead scout, attacked the Moros today near Talipao and defeated them.

## SPENCER HAS A BAD RECORD

### Father, Brother and Sister All Committed Suicide.

Chicago, Oct. 22.—The case of Henry Spencer, the confessed murderer, now awaiting trial for killing aroused widespread interest among students of criminology. An investigation of his antecedents has brought to light these facts:

That his father, a lifelong victim of alcoholism, died a suicide.

That three years after his father had killed himself, Spencer's only brother took his own life.

That one of his sisters killed herself out of despondency after Spencer had been sentenced to his first term in prison.

That a third sister married and, after bearing two children, died of tuberculosis.

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Although there are nearly 53,000,000 sheep in the United States they represent less than five per cent of the total number of domestic animals on the country's farms.

## NINE LIVES LOST IN STORM

### White Woman, Baby and Seven Negroes Killed in South.

New Orleans, Oct. 24.—A white woman and her baby and seven negroes lost their lives, and 38 persons were slightly injured in a tornado which swept over Southern Louisiana yesterday. Cane crops were razed, dwellings and fences demolished, and other damage done on plantations southwest of this city.

## EXEMPT FROM CIVIL SERVICE

Washington, Oct. 22.—President Wilson today signed the urgent deficiency bill carrying exemptions from the civil service of deputy United States marshals and deputy collectors of internal revenue.

## AMBASSADOR SAYS GOOD-BYE

Washington, Oct. 22.—Henry Morgenthau, of New York, newly appointed ambassador to Turkey, said goodbye to President Wilson today. He sails November 1 for his post.

## SHIP SINKS, 44 DROWNED

### Steamer Meets Disaster in the Gulf of Bothnia.

Hernosand, Sweden, Oct. 24.—The steamer Westkusten, which left Vasa in the Gulf of Bothnia yesterday afternoon in a gale, ran on a reef a few hours later and 44 persons were drowned. A single survivor was picked up by the steamer Carl Von Linne.

The crew succeeded in launching a boat, but the steamer sank in a few minutes. The boat was swamped.

## MISS WILSON AIDS Y. W. C. A.

### Not Too Busy With Wedding Arrangements to Help.

New York, Oct. 22.—Although engaged to be married next month, Miss Jessie Wilson, the President's youngest daughter, has found time to help the Young Women's Christian Association in its campaign, to be formally begun soon, to raise $4,000,000, within two weeks. At the home of Mrs. Willard Straight at Westbury, L. I., yesterday afternoon Miss Wilson declared that neither trousseau nor wedding cake concerned her enough to interfere with her interest in the welfare of needy girls.

A large audience of fashionably dressed women from all parts of Long Island listened to her vigorous appeal for aid in behalf of the young women.

"If we think of the difficulty we shall fail," she said. "We must strike right out from the shoulder—we must do 100 per cent of the job or none."


# One Dose Will Make You Forget That You Ever Had Stomach Trouble!

Before Taking

## $100 Bottle FREE

TO PROVE THE CURATIVE POWERS OF MAYR'S WONDERFUL STOMACH REMEDY

Next morning—after taking MAYR'S Wonderful Stomach Remedy

## A Marvelous Remedy for Stomach Trouble, Liver and Intestinal Ailments and Gall Stones

**I want you and every other sufferer to test this wonderful Treatment right in your own home at my expense. If you suffer with Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas Around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congestion and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache, Appendicitis and Gall Stones, you should not delay, but send for this FREE $1.00 BOTTLE AT ONCE.**

## Causes of These Ailments

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the Intestinal tract with mucoid and Catarrhal accretions, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits — only one dose is usually required. I say emphatically it is a positive permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to, and I again repeat I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to you absolutely FREE so you can try it in your home at my expense.

### The Most Eminent Specialists Declare

That a big per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from Gall Stones. I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and Gall Stones should not hesitate a moment, but send for this FREE treatment at once.

### Thousands in the Valley of Despair

I have watched sick people for years and have reached out my hands to thousands in the great depth of the Valley of Despair and brought them into the light of life and happiness. I want you, and each one suffering to know the full joys of living with every part of your system in beautiful accord and in absolute perfect harmony. This is possible if you will take this wonderful remedy.

### Thousands of Sufferers State That They Have Been Cured

You will, like thousands of other skeptics, gladly testify that it has cured you and bless the hour and offer fervent thanks to this great remedy that has brought you back your health.

### Pains and Suffering Vanish in a Night

Those horrid griping pains that touch you like a knife—that rob you of all the sweets of happiness—that never seem to leave you. Each morning when you arise means another day of torture and agony—each meal you look forward to with pain and disgust. No matter what you eat you suffer.

### Do Away With All of It

I give you by offering you this Free $1.00 bottle a chance to become well—make it possible for you to have a sound and healthy stomach, enable you to eat anything and everything and know that you are going to enjoy it all with the full knowledge that nothing will distress you.

## FREE $1.00 COUPON

**The full $1.00 bottle will be sent you without delay FREE. Send no money—Simply your name and address on the coupon is all. Mail today. Write plain.**

GEO. H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist,
1353 Mayr Bldg., 156 Whiting St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me quickly Absolutely Free, the $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy. Neither I nor any member of my family has ever requested the Free bottle from you before.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

County .....State.....Express Office.....

## DON'T DESPAIR BEFORE YOU HAVE TRIED THIS FREE BOTTLE

### This Remedy Has Conquered the Most Severe Cases of Stomach Trouble in a Single Night

Don't suffer any longer with Stomach trouble, don't give up hope of ever being cured. If other treatments have failed and you feel disheartened, don't allow it to discourage you from sending for this Free Bottle. Don't say to yourself that it will not help you, before you have tried it, as it costs you nothing to take this wonderful remedy and judge for yourself its marvelous powers.

## Read These Letters From Grateful People

**Are they not convincing? I have thousands of such letters in my office and I receive many of them every day in my mail. From Statesmen, Congressmen, Educators, Judge of Supreme Court, Prominent Professional and Business Men, Doctors, Nurses, Railroad Men, Farmers, Mechanics—and in fact men and women in all walks of life, who state that this Great Remedy has cured them and saved their lives.**

**I will give $1,000.00 in gold to any Charity if these letters of praise regarding my Remedy are not genuine letters from sufferers.**

**Had to Give Up Farming on Account of His Stomach**

Geo. H. Mayr, CHANDLER, OKLA.
I want to thank you for your Wonderful Stomach Remedy. I was in poor state of health when I wrote you for the treatment. My breath would get short, I wouldn't walk much, my joints were stiff and I could not eat much, but now I can eat everything. I had to give up farming because I was unable to do much walking, but since I have taken your remedy I feel like a new man. I am 56 years old and I feel better than I have felt for years. I cannot praise your Remedy too highly.
Very truly yours,
P. O. Box 196. CHAS. B. SNEAD.

**Her Friends Surprised How Well She Looks.**

Geo. H. Mayr, SPOONER, WIS.
I must let you know what your Wonderful Stomach Remedy has done for me. I can say I am cured. I eat everything. My friends are surprised how different and well I look, they hardly believe that your treatment did it. I had a friend staying with me at the time I took your medicine and she says its wonderful what it did for me. Pretty near every lady I talk to wants your address. I do not know what I would have done if I had not seen your ad; I feel as if I could not have lived.
Yours very truly,
MRS. F. C. PASCHKE, R. R. NO. 1.

**Feels Like a New Man.**

Geo. H. Mayr, HARTSBURG, MO.
I have taken a course of your medicine and feel like a new man and I think it is the best in the world. If my name would do you any good use it.
Yours very truly
W. G. COOK.

**Passed Three Hundred Gall Stones.**

Geo. H. Mayr, Greenwood, S. C., 511 Oak St.
Please pardon me for not writing sooner. I find that your medicine can be obtained in our city. Including the bottle you sent me I have taken five bottles. It is the most wonderful medicine I have ever taken though mild in its work. I have been relieved of about 300 Gall Stones and feel better than I have felt for many years.
Very truly yours.
MRS. J. W. J. BURNETT.

**Never Expected to Leave Her Room Alive.**

Geo. H. Mayr, JONESVILLE, MICH.
Your Stomach and Tonic Remedy is certainly wonderful. My husband and I have just finished the course and I can say much for what it has done for us. We feel so thankful to know that this Remedy will help such awful Stomach trouble and will relieve one so quickly. I wish you could see the change.
I have not been out of my room since last August, ill with heart failure. I have given up hopes to ever leave it alive, and after two courses of your Stomach Remedy and one bottle of your Tonic I am now able to go to the table for my meals and have taken a mile ride in an automobile and have gained three pounds of flesh. I sleep like a child.
Yours very truly,
MRS. DORA HERGERT.

**Doctors Said She Would Not Live Long.**

Geo. H. Mayr, ROCKFORD, N. C.
My wife is well and she feels better than she has for five years. I thought she was going to die at once; the doctor said she would not live long. The surgeon in the hospital told her she was not strong enough to stand an operation, she came back home thinking that she would not live long. I saw your advertisement in the papers and I sat down and ordered a free trial treatment at once. In about eight days from date of ordering the medicine she is now completely well. We are grateful for your Remedy I will recommend it as long as I live.
Sincerely yours, SANFORD STANLEY.

**Suffered for Years With Stomach Trouble and Gall Stones.**

Geo. H. Mayr, KANE, PA.
I have taken all my medicine and I thank you many times for what it has done for me. I only took two doses and passed over 500 Gall Stones. I am feeling better than I have felt for years. Some of them were as large as a pea and some as large as an English walnut, hundred of small ones.
I am thankful that I learned of your wonderful medicine. I suffered for years with stomach trouble and Gall Stones and only got temporary relief. The doctors would tell me that I could not get well until I would go through an operation and that worried me. Many thanks to you and your dear good medicine.
Sincerely yours,
MRS. E. PETERS.

### One Dose Should Make You Feel Better Than You Have Felt In Years

Hundreds, yes thousands upon thousands of people who have taken this remarkable remedy have written to me that they have not felt so well in years—and one dose alone has often accomplished wonderful results.

### I Must Have Great Faith In My Stomach Remedy

to say to you and every sufferer of Stomach ailments Try but one dose—take it the day you receive it and if you do not say with a glad heart that it made you feel better and greatly improved your health the next morning you will be one of the few cases that come under my observation where this great remedy has failed. Mind you the benefit of this medicine is an entirely natural one as this remedy contains no stimulants, opiates or any poisonous ingredients whatever. I guarantee this under the Pure Food and Drug Act, Serial No. 25793.

**This Medicine Has Been Successfully Taken by Children of Nine Years of Age and Old People of Eighty-Eight Years and Will Not Harm You in Any Way.**

### Operations For Stomach Trouble Are Often Fatal

How many have gone to their graves due to an operation for their Stomach ailments? How many more will go that way? Heed this warning before it is too late. Do not permit a dangerous operation until you have tried all other means to cure your ailment and you have tried one bottle of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy. I believe it is possible to cure the most chronic case of **Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments and Symptoms of Gall Stones.** One dose quickly eliminates the poisonous accretions that have been accumulating in your system for years. Rid your Stomach of all of this and you will feel better at once.

For All Stomach, Liver, Intestinal Ailments & Gall Stones.

**EXACT PHOTOGRAPH**—actual size of Poisonous Catarrhal Mucoid and Bile Accretions removed by my remedy. They are the cause of almost all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments.

## Sudden Death Due to Acute Indigestion

How often you read in the daily press of some prominent personage who had been apparently enjoying the best of health, stricken by what the physicians term Acute Indigestion. Many sudden deaths are caused by the pressure of gas around the heart due to indigestion. The fatal warning comes frequently when least expected. Thousands upon thousands of people, in all walks of life, have been called by the Grim Reaper—whose lives undoubtedly could have been saved by taking this Great Remedy.

## My Last Words To You

Send for the FREE $1.00 bottle today. I don't care how long you have suffered, or how severe your case may be, I am confident that My Wonderful and Harmless Remedy will entirely and quickly restore you to perfect health without any ill effect.

Often Sufferers of Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments or Gall Stones are told they have Cancer of the Stomach and other rare diseases, which quite often is not the case.

Is it not worth a postage stamp to write and request this Free Bottle when it means so much in health and happiness to you? Delays are dangerous, as by neglecting your ailment you only grow worse and your suffering increases. Better send for the Free Bottle today.

**Fill out this Free Coupon now and mail to me**

**GEO. H. MAYR, (Mfg. Chemist) 1353 Mayr Building 156 Whiting Street Chicago, Ill.**

Manufactured and Guaranteed by
GEORGE H. MAYR
MANUFACTURING CHEMIST
154-156 Whiting St., CHICAGO, ILL.
Under the Pure Food and Drugs Act. June 30, 1906 Serial No. 25793

**A One-Dollar Bill Brings This Elegant Men's Sweater Coat**

*Value $1.50*

Mailed Postpaid

Yes, this superb sweater coat made of wool mixed yarn in a good heavy weight with a narrow rib will be sent to you for just a single dollar bill. An exceptional bargain. Your money back if you are not absolutely satisfied. The sweater coat has the popular new Byron collar and fits up snugly around the neck. Six buttons, silk stitched button holes, border down front. Tight fitting elastic ribbed cuffs. Two large pockets, bound around the bottom with elastic border. A coat that will stand hard service. Comes in sizes 34 to 44 inches chest measure. Color, Oxford gray only. This is one of the biggest bargains we have ever made. It would be hard to duplicate this sweater coat for less than $1.50 or more in your home town. No other house in the world offers you such startling bargains. Don't go another day without one of these sweater coats. Order direct from this ad. Order by Number 1111AB. Price postpaid...$1.00

**Fall Style Book *Free***

Put your name and address on a postal and send it to us at once. Even if you don't order the sweater you get our 1913 Fall Style Book absolutely free. Shows you all the latest styles and tells you about the Challenge Sale that is now on. Prices unequalled by any other house in the world. Write today. Absolutely no obligations. Your name and address on a postal is enough.

**W. & H. Walker,** 6697 Herr's Island Pittsburgh, Pa.


# ROOSEVELT SEES AMERICAN UNITY

## Speaking in Rio Janeiro He Says Relations Are Becoming Closer.

Rio de Janeiro, Oct. 25.—Relations between North and South America are certain to become much close. in the future; the development of South America will be the most striking growth feature of the twentieth century as the development of North America was the most striking growth feature of the nineteenth; the only desire of the United States toward its neighbors of the western world is to see them stable, orderly and prosperous—such are the highlights of Theodore Roosevelt's first speech in South America, delivered yesterday at the government university here.

Colonel Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Margaret Roosevelt spent the morning on an excursion to Tijuca mountain, a peak 3,400 feet high, and had luncheon there. In the afternoon they attended a garden part in the botanical gardens here.

Every American nation, Colonel Roosevelt said, had reason to congratulate itself upon the stability and prosperity of its sister nations. Any country, he continued, whose people conducted themselves in stable and orderly fashion could place among its assets the hearty and practical friendship of the United States. Chronic wrongdoing, however, might force ultimately in America, as elsewhere, intervention by some strong and stable civilized nation in the exercise of an international police power

"Such a duty," asserted Colonel Roosevelt, "is thankless, irksome and unpleasant, whether it be performed by England, France or the United States; whether in Algiers, in Egypt or on the Isthmus of Panama. And therefore we all hail with delight the advent to real power of such nations as Brazil, the Argentine and Chile."

Colonel Roosevelt's address teemed with expressions of good will for South America and admiration for the prowess of her leading nations in building the foundations for their careers. Brazil and other nations of the south, he said, stood on equal footing now with the United States among the council of nations. And one cardinal doctrine on which all nations of America agreed, he asserted—a doctrine of vital concern to the American family of powers—was the principle that the western world should not be treated as offering ground for fresh colonization or territorial aggrandizement by any old world power.

# WOULD LET RED MEN RUN SELVES

## Some at Mohonk Conference Want Government to Cut Loose.

Mohonk Lake, N. Y., Oct. 22.—Divergent views of the capabilities of the American Indian started a debate here today that in one form or another will reach the national congress. It marked the opening conference of the friends of the Indians and other dependent peoples. Some of the delegates believed that the Indian was still a child and that the federal government had greatly neglected him. Others, apparently a minority, declared that some of the Indian tribes should be released altogether from government supervision, left to take the responsibility of their own welfare and pay the price if they failed.

**Would Quit Politics.**

There was expressed also an urgent demand for taking Indian affairs out of politics and putting them in the care of a non-partisan commission.

The five so-called civilized tribes of Oklahoma were the Indian mainly discussed today. Dana H. Kelsey, superintendent of the Union Indian agency at Muskogee, described how these Indians were defrauded of their valuable lands. He urged that physicians be stationed in the Indian settlements to check the spread of contagious diseases.

P. J. Hurley, national attorney for the Chocktaw nation, one of the five tribes, denounced the land interests that are defeating efforts to have congress distribute $10,000,000 belonging to the Chocktaws and Chickasaws and derived from the sale of their lands.

**May Win Big Fees.**

The failure to distribute these moneys, he asserted, was due to attorneys hired by persons who hoped to benefit by proving citizenship in the Chocktaw and Chickasaw nations if the government should reopen the tribal rolls.

Such citizenship was worth from $5,000 to $8,000, he said, and if the rolls were reopened some attorneys would make thousands of dollars, because they have taken claimants' cases on contingent fees of from 25 to 50 per cent.

# NO TERRITORY BY CONQUEST

## President Wilson Says Motive of Nation Is to Be Morality.

Mobile, Ala., Oct. 28.—President Wilson announced to the world yesterday that the governing motive of the United States in its relationships with the countries of this hemisphere would be "morality and not expediency."

"I want to take this occasion to say," he declared, "that the United States will not again seek to secure one additional foot of territory by conquest."

The President, in a speech before the Southern Commercial Congress, delivered a veiled attack on what he termed "the material interests" that had influenced the foreign policy of some governments in their relations with the nations of Latin America. Though Mr. Wilson did not mention Mexico as the afflicted country, he devoted his entire speech to a description of the degrading influences which foreign concessionaries had had upon the internal affairs of some of the Latin American countries.

With the Mexico situation uppermost in the President's mind at this time his address was interpreted as an arraignment of those financial influences which it has been charged have secured, in some cases, recognition for the Huerta government.

The President declared that it would be the duty of the United States to assist the nations of this hemisphere in an "emancipation" from "the material interests of other nations," so that they might enjoy constitutional liberty unrestrained.

The President spoke extemporaneously.

## REBELS BURN RAILROAD CARS

### Locomotives Also Destroyed by Mexican Guerillas.

Mexico City, Oct. 28.—The rebels who attacked Monterey last week held possession of the railroad yards and steel works for three days before being driven back by the federal troops.

Before they left, the rebels burned 250 railroad cars and destroyed several locomotives. They also set fire to the flour mills, but left the steel works undamaged.

## FAREWELL TO MEAL TICKETS

### Pennsylvania Drives Restaurateurs to Boost Cost of Living.

Newcastle, Pa., Oct. 28.—Cost of restaurant boarding goes up 10 per cent here Nov. 1, when a new 54-hour week for employed women goes into effect.

Restaurant owners will abolish meal tickets which gave purchasers a 10 per cent reduction. These would give $4.50 worth of meals for $4, but after the first of the month restaurant habitues will have to pay cash with each meal, losing the discount.

The restaurant men say this is necessary, as the law will force them to employ more women.

## Mrs. Svlzer "Out" and Mrs. Glynn "at Home"

These are "the women in the case" directly affected by the finding of William Sulzer guilty on impeachment charges and the automatic elevation of Lieutenant Governor Martin H. Glynn to the governorship of New York. Mrs. Sulzer is out of the "People's House," as Sulzer christened the executive mansion at the srate capital, Albany, N. Y., and Mrs. Glynn is in. Like their husbands, they were once firm friends, but now the situation is different. Mrs. Sulzer was not brought into her hnsband's trial, but her name was on all lips in connection with the ousted governor's speculation in stocks.

## General Who Will Establish Canal Guard

Washington, Oct. 27.—Wide interest is felt in military circles here regarding the mission of General E. M. Weaver, chief of the United States coast artillery, who has gone to Panama with Secretary of War Garrison. General Weaver will establish the necessary system of military guards for the canal and will decide on important details of the fortifications to be built at each end of the giant ditch.

# SAYS SEX HATRED STILL SPREADING

## English Novelist Says Men Dread Marriage, While Women Seek It.

London, Oct. 24.—No English novelist has been discussed so much lately as Compton Mackenzie. His recently published "Sinister Street" has caused a sensation and its predecessor, "Carnival," was hailed as "the novel of the year." Considerable interest has therefore been taken in a series of three articles on "Sex Hatred," written by him for the Daily Mail.

Mr. Mackenzie at the outset states his belief that "there is neither more nor less antagonism between the sexes thon that which has existed since Adam first applied masculine reason to explain the victory of feminine instinct in the matter of the apple."

**Sees "Asexual" Class.**

What he calls "the livid phenomena like suffragism, divorce court reform and so-called 'white slavery,'" he takes merely as indications that the problem has been complicated by the swiftly increasing importance of a large "asexual class." By "asexual" he means "sexless," not "unsexed."

Leaving this point for the moment Mr. Mackenzie examines "the absolutely normal conditions of courtship and marriage." He states that the average girl instinctly welcomes marriage, while the average man instinctively dreads it. However, the reasonable capacity of the average man is always stronger than his intuitive capacity, and his reason tells him that marriage is a necessary condition of civilization. This rational judgment he will wrap up in a sweet coating of sentiment and swallow.

**Many Women Fear Marriage.**

"On the other hand, woman with whatever reason she possesses dreads marriage. It is logically rather abhorent, but her instinctive belief in man's hostility is too violent, too immemorial, too natural. Her reason is never strong enough to contend with her instinct, and the average woman swallows marriage without any sweet disguise, and very often without any gilded coating."

According to Mr. Mackenzie, women being dependent upon instinct, are much more easily comprehended than men.

"Superficially they may seem more unintelligible, because they are generally judged by masculine and retional standards."

Giving to young girls the generic description of Amaryllis, Mr. Mackenzie considers various types, or rather the various conditions in which Amaryllis finds herself. On each at a certain age, from 16 to 18 in England, "descends the impulse to worship her own personality at the moment when it draws free from girlhood, but is not yet encumbered by womanhood. She beholds herself in all her pride and swiftness; she realizes her power to attract the predatory glances of man; she dreads the loss of her independence; she revels in her new sense of the fullness of life; she is gay and virginal and debonair, or if you have suffered from her elusiveness you will call her frivolous and heartless and "self-assured."

The Greeks symbolized this period in their conception of Artemis and her nympths. The development of such a creature in Arcadia would be normal. After a period of exultation in her grace and pride one suitor would survive and she would become the wife of the man she most certainly desired.

"The natural contest for a woman should be to preserve her independence until she is willing to surrender to the man she chooses as for her the most fit. In present conditions woman is compelled to struggle to prevent herself from being disqualified altogether either because her reputation has been tarnished or because her attraction has waned. She is forced to drag such melodramatic herrings as 'white slavery' across the issue in order to obtain from her countrymen a measure of protection."

## POST HINTS AT SINGLE TAX

### Holds Land Owner Like Poker 'Kitty" in Paying Teachers.

Minneapolis, Oct. 25.—A veiled plea for the single tax was made by Louis F. Post, assistant secretary of labor, in his address before the Minnesota Educational Association here yesterday, when he spoke on "The Relation of the Teacher to the Community." He compared the land owner to the keeper of the "kitty" in a poker game and said teachers' salaries should be paid out of the kitty.

"The idle poor and the idle rich ought to be poor," he declared. He held labor to be the basis of the law of life, and said the earnings of labor should be sacred.

The profession of teaching should be no bar to marriage, he insisted.

# HUERTA MAY RETAIN POWER

## Washington Believes He Will—Result of Election Is Unknown.

Washington, Oct. 28.—On the face of the meagre returns from Mexican elections and apparent indications that a president had not been chosen, officials in Washington today based justification for the policy of this government in declining in advance to recognize the elections as legal and fair.

Although nothing offical had come to the authorities here, the prevailing opinion was that Huerta would retain his authority and that a new congress would proclaim the election null and void.

Definite announcement from the Huerta government of the election outcome is not looked for here for several days. A few dispatches were received by Secretary Bryan from Mexico City. They contained no detailed information as to the votes cast for president, but all asserted that the vote everywhere throughout the republic had been light. The reports were communicated to President Wilson at Mobile.

## RESULT MAY NOT BE KNOWN FOR A FORTNIGHT

Mexico City, Oct. 27.—The returns of yesterday's elections may possibly be known within a week, but it is more likely that a fortnight will elapse before the result is placed before the public. Not even a good guess as to who was at the top of the poll can be made at present. Returns, even from nearby states are fragmentary.

In the federal capital itself the result may be known within a day or two. Telegrams received today by the department of the interior showed that the elections at Guadalajara and Toluca passed off in an orderly manner.

## FELIX DIAZ SEEKS PROTECTION OF U. S.

Vera Cruz, Oct. 28.—General Felix Diaz applied to the American consulate during the night for protection and was taken on board the United States gunboat Wheeling.

Jose Sandoval and Cecilio Ocon, two Mexicans, and Alexander Williams, an American newspaper correspondent who had made similar application to the consulate, were also taken on board the gunboat with General Diaz.

It was late last evening when General Diaz became convinced of the advisability of seeking American protection. From the hotel where he had been staying and which is contiguous to the United States consulate, he made his way to the consul's office and informed Consul Canada he had received information that his life was in peril. He told the consul that a number of his adherents had been put in jail.

General Diaz was accompanied to the consulate by Jose Sandoval and Cecelio Ocon, who also requested protection for themselves.

The American consul at once took steps to have the refugees transferred on board the gunboat Wheeling, which was lying in the harbor. The Mexican fugitives and Alexander Williams, an American newspaper man, were taken to a small boat and hurried on board the American warship, where they were given accommodations.

## MEXICAN REVOLUTIONISTS KILL EVERYBODY IN TOWN

Mexico City, Oct. 23.—Revolutionists yesterday murdered the entire population numbering about 50, of the village of Cheran Atzicurin, in the state of Michoacan, while they were defending the village church against looters. The villagers fought until their ammunition was exausted and then used machetes, stones and clubs to beat off their assailants, but they were eventually overcome and killed and the village was burned to the ground.

Rebels are reported to have tortured Lieutenant Jose Bracamontes and two soldiers belonging to a small federal garrison stationed near Camaron, south of Nuevo Laredo, after killing the remainder of the federal troops.

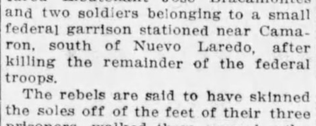
The rebels are said to have skinned the soles off of the feet of their three prisoners, walked them several miles and then beheaded them with machetes because they refused to shout for Carranza.

## NEW ISLAND HAS POPPED UP

### Dry Bar in Atlantic Off Nova Scotia.

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 27.—A new island has popped up in the Atlantic not far from the traffic of ocean vessels off the Nova Scotian coast, according to report from Captain Anderson of the Gloucester fishing schooner Lizzie Giffin. The new land is a dry bar standing about 10 feet above high water, 16 miles east-northeast of Sable island, about 70 miles from Whitehead, the nearest point of mainland, according to Captain Anderson. The marine and fisheries department is making inquiry to confirm the discovery.

Parts of Sable island have been washed away at various periods, only to be cast up again at other points further out to sea, and doubtless the new island was formed in this way.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# COAL MINE FIRE IMPERILS LIVES

## Two Hundred Men Entombed in New Mexico—Many Perish.

Dawson, N. M., Oct. 23.—At 1:30 this afternoon fire broke out in old No. 3 stag canon mine which connects with No. 2. It was feared that the flames would spread to the workings in which the men are entombed. Revised figures show 22 men rescued alive, six bodies recovered and dozens in sight and a total of 284 entombed by the explosion.

A special relief train carrying nurses and company surgeons of the El Paso and Southwestern railway company, a Phelps Dodge corporation, left El Paso today for Dawson.

What is the fate of approximately 200 men remaining in the workings of No. 2 Stag Canon mine, who with 42 known dead and 25 still alive, were entombed by a terrific explosion at 3 o'clock yesterday?

This question was on the lips of hundreds of mothers, wives and children today as they pressed the line of guards thrown about the mouth of the mine. This was the unconscious incentive that spurred hundreds of volunteer rescuers in an endeavor to penetrate workings strewn with debris and filled with poisonous gases.

Clearly the hopefulness that pervaded the camp immediately following the explosion and throughout the night had given way to evidences of doubt.

"When we reach the airshaft we will find the men safe," was the hope voiced throughout the night. Three men alive and only partly conscious and three bodies was the reward when the air shaft was finally reached today. However, mine officials still insisted that others would be found alive.

So absorbed were the officials in the work of rescue that no check had been made on the number of men in the mine at the hour of the disaster and it seemed certain that at least 230, perhaps more, were entombed. During the morning scores of experienced miners from the Colorado fields continued to reach camp and fresh squads were sent into the workings as their predecessors emerged exhausted.

Opinions as to the cause of the explosion differ. It was first asserted that black damp ignited and exploded. Later it developed that at this time of year the mains in the adjacent southern district of Colorado become dangerous from the prevalence of coal dust which no amount of water seems able to keep under control and led to the belief that the same condition might have caused the disaster here.

The Stag Canon mine was considered a model of coal mine and the disaster that befell it yesterday has staggered this town of 1,500, composed of for the most part of Italian miners.

The news of the explosion carried over the buttes and arroyos of the mountains gathered most of the settlers and ranchers within 50 miles and when morning broke today thousands filled the town eager to help the 300 or more miners who had worked in the depth of the mountain in short shifts all night.

# PAY LA FOLLETTE FOR TARIFF VOTE

## Senate Democrats Support Seamen's Bill Because of Deal With Author.

Washington, Oct. 24.—A curious illustration of "how legislation is made" is furnished by the decision of senate Democrats to support the La Follette seamen's bill, now pending in the senate.

It appears the Democrats are behind Senator La Follette in this matter as the result of an agreement made with him before the tariff bill was passed.

Recognizing that if La Follette voted for the tariff bill they would receive an indorsement of great political value, the Democratic leaders approached him and suggested if he would vote for the measure they would be disposed to assist him in getting through such legislation as he desired, which was in contravention of the Baltimore platform.

La Follette replied, according to the gossip at the capitol, that he would support a tariff measure reasonably satisfactory in character. He did so, and when the seamen's bill came up demanded his "pound of flesh."

**Has an Ulterior Motive.**

It is claimed La Follette is anxious to get through the seamen's bill in part because of his desire to punish a shipping company of Milwaukee which has opposed him in Wisconsin politics. Whether this is true or not, it is a fact that many of the lake shipping companies are vigorously opposed to the La Follette bill and that the senators from states bordering on the lakes have been deluged with protests against the measure.

As a result some of the Democrats, notably James Hamilton Lewis, are greatly embarrassed. They feel they must stand by the agreement made with La Follette, which was ratified by the Democratic caucus in the way of indorsement of the La Follette bill.

**Burton Calls Bill Insult.**

That the bill would repeal or annul many treaties with foreign governments "in a way that is almost an insult" to certain countries was contended by Senator Burton, of Ohio, in the senate.

The senator's statements were made after foreign protests against the bill had been informally considered earlier in the day by the senate committee on foreign relations.

Germany, Great Britian, France and Belgium have made representations urging that the United States ought not to act upon any proposed shipping regulations or safety-at-sea requirements until after the international maritime conference is held at London on Nov. 12.

**Conference to Take Up Questions.**

The London conference will take up general questions of safety appliances, the manning of lifeboats, the efficiency of crews, prevention of fire, and like subjects.

Senator Burton said it had been called chiefly as the result of the activities of the United States and that this country should not now take hasty action that would practically "flout the nations of the world."

He declared the provision of the pending bill required foreign ships to pay their sailors one-half the wages due them when in American ports and opening the courts of the United States to foreigners was in direct contravention of treaty rights.

## KATHERINE ELKINS, SOUGHT BY DUKE, WEDS BILLY HITT

Elkins, W. Va., Oct. 28.—Miss Katherine Elkins, daughter of the late United States Senator Stephen B. Elkins, was married here yesterday to William F. R. Hitt, of Washington and Chicago.

The announcement came as a surprise to Miss Elkins' family and friends.

The ceremony was performed at 1 o'clock in the afternoon in the great ball room at Halliehurst by Rev. Frederick H. Barron, D. D., pastor of Davis Memorial Presbyterian Church of iths city.

Only immediate members of the Elkins family were present. Even the mother of the bride did not know of the surprise to be sprung by "Billy" and his intended bride until a few hours before the wedding.

Ex-Senator Davis Elkins, was best man and Mrs. Blaine Elkins, sister-in-law of the bride, bridesmaid. It is said that even Senator Henry G. Davis, grandfather of Miss Elkins, did not know until late in the morning that the ceremony was to be performed.

Some of the close friends of the family have been expecting for several years the announcement of the marriage of Miss Elkins to Hitt, yet none was prepared for the suddenness of the event.

**Whole Country Interested.**

The whole country is familiar with the courtship of Hitt and his faithfulness. Even when newspapers were full of comment pertaining to the marriage of Miss Elkins to the Duke of Abruzzi, Hitt continued his attentions to Miss Elkins.

Hitt has been visiting Halliehurst for over a week. This was nothing unusual, as it has been his custom for several years. He is a bosom friend of the brothers of Miss Elkins, and even in Miss Elkins' travels abroad, Billy has been in her company.

Therefore, there was nothing unusual in his visit to Elkins this fall.

## UNCLE SAM TO SHOW POSIES

Washington, Oct. 28.—Uncle Sam's annual chrysanthemum show, under the auspices of the department of agriculture, will open here Wednesday and continue for two weeks. More than 1,800 plants, including many unusual varieties, will be on exhibition.

## TEUTONIC DODGES AN ICEBERG

### Skillful Seamanship Narrowly Averts Disaster in Thick Fog.

London, Oct. 28.—A thrilling story of how the Teutonic narrowly escaped collision with an iceberg was told at Liverpool on the arrival of that vessel from Montreal. When about 170 miles east of Belle Isle in a thick fog the Teutonic encountered an iceberg dead ahead. The lookout gave the alarm to the captain and the engines were reversed, the helm ported and the danger averted.

The iceberg, which was as high as the funnels of the vessel, passed only a few yards from the Teutonic.

When the 400 passengers heard of the narrow escape they were loud in their praises of the seamanship displayed, by Captain James and signed a testimonial recording their appreciation.

## THAW'S REQUEST IS GRANTED

### More Time Allowed His Attorneys in Extradition Case.

Rochester, N. H., Oct. 28.—Harry K. Thaw's request for a further continuance in his extradition was granted by Gov. Felker yesterday. The governor allowed Thaw's attorneys until November 4 to file their briefs bearing on the indictment returned last week by the grand jury of New York county. Thaw had asked for a continuance of two weeks.

## Noted Suffragette Hints Husband May Be Cook

New York, October 23.—Mrs. Eugene Boissevain, who was Inez Milholland until she surprised her relatives by her sudden marriage last July, came home on the Olympic yesterday, still loyal to the suffragist cause.

"My husband will arrive the latter part of November. We are going to live here. I don't know much about housekeeping and don't like it any better than I understand it. I am not going to cook."

It was suggested that apparently it was up to Mr. Boissevain to do the housekeeping then. The suffragist's eyes twinkled in assent.

"What do I think of Holland?" she went on.

"Well, I would have seen something of the country if my husband hadn't so many relatives."

## CANCEL PANKHURST'S DATE

### Indianapolis Women Won't Let Militant Take Up Collection.

Indianapolis, Oct. 28.—Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, English suffragette, will not address the Woman's Franchise League of Indiana in this city as had been planned. The engagement was canceled yesterday by league officials.

The reason given was that Mrs. Pankhurst requested that she be permitted to take up a collection at the meeting in addition to the stipulated sum which she had first agreed to accept for addressing the league.

## MUST EXPLAIN THE CHARGES

### Investigator Asked to Discuss New York Mayoralty Candidates.

New York, Oct. 28.—District Attorney Whitman issued a subpena summoning John A. Hennessy, former Gov. Sulzer's graft investigator, to appear before him today, relative to statements Hennessy is alleged to have made concerning Edward E. McCall, Democratic candidate for mayor.

The district attorney announced his intention to begin Tuesday before a magistrate an investigation of Hennessy's charges.

He would place them before the grand jury if they prove in any way warranted.


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# CHURCH DECIDES TO CHANGE POLICY

## Congregationalists Vote to Adopt New Statement of Doctrine.

Kansas City, Oct. 27.—The National Council of the Congregational Church Saturday adopted a new constitution, which contains new statements of doctrine and other radical changes in church policy.

The council made no important changes in the document as presented by the commission. Only one vote was cast against its adoption. All who had opposed the constitution, including Gov. Baldwin, voted in favor of it.

**Missions Oppose Document.**

All morning the council had been discussing the document. The principal opposition came from the members of the missionary societies who are affected by the change in the constitution, providing for the appointment of a commission on missions with power that will result ultimately in their uniting and the national council's jurisdiction of the societies,

W. R. Campbell, of Boston, president of the Educational society, spoke against the plan of uniting the societies.

"The plan," he said, "will take the revenue of the societies away from them and leave them with hardly enough to pay the typewriter rent."

Answering the charge of the societies that the national council was taking away their power, J. A. Adams of Chicago said that the national council had a right to do so.

**Church Should Control Funds.**

The societies in the body secure their funds direct from the churches, and Mr. Adams contended, that placed the societies under the jurisdiction of the national council, the churches to have something to say about how the funds were used.

"Suppose we go to Bunker Hill," he said, "and ask what that monument means. You will find the answer is that the right of representation shall go with taxation. All the churches ask is that they shall have something to say about the expenditure of funds that they are giving.

Other objections to the plan of having a general secretary and objections to the statement of creed were made, but overruled.

**Reach Agreement on Doctrine.**

It developed that the commission of 19 had acceded to the request of a number of the opponents to the constitution by placing in the statement of doctrine a clause recognizing the resurrection of Christ, which had been contended for by the opponents of the proposed constitution. The words inserted in the doctrinal statement are "and rose again," making the direct statement of creed read:

"We believe in God the father, infinite in wisdom, goodness, and love; and in Jesus Christ his son our Lord and Saviour, who for us and our salvation lived and died and rose again and liveth evermore."


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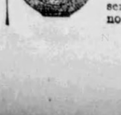

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